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JANUARY 15, 1970

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENN

COVER: Look great, feel great in bright orange poplin stitched in yellow—belted jacket and pants, with a scarfed silk print shirt. . . . Look great, feel ditto in makeup with a little life to it—a gleam of Honey-Dew Basic Peach lipstick; cheeks blushed peaches-and-cream with Brandied Peach Cosmotint Blusher. And eye-lights: Cosmotint shadow in Smoky Bare on the lids, Lunatique on the bone. All from Fabergé's Xanadu pleasure-trove. . . . Boutique Donald Brooks turnout; Galey & Lord cotton. About $190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Phillip of Vidal Sassoon.

FASHION

89 Vogue's Eye View: It's Fit to Be Fit
90 Everybody's Talking about a New Way of Walking—swinging coats, capes, and ponchos worn by Joan Whitney Meyer; Shawn Ryan; Penelope Tree; Cecile de Forey; Sharon Harts
104 Design on design on design—the fashion for mixing prints, textures, colour
126 The Beautiful People in Hawaii: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lionel Warner; Princess Ira Fürstenberg; Mr. and Mrs. John Carl Warnecke; Duc and Duchesse de Crussol d'Uzès; Geraldine Chaplin; Tina Chen
134 Resort fashion: Jean Shrimpton and Penelope Tree dress for the beautiful life in Hawaii
156 Vogue Patterns: long languorous jerseys for evening
162 Lauren Hutton—hooked on crochet
172 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

83 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere
118 The Enticers, 1970—On TV, Who do they think you are? By Stephanie Harrington
119 In Banks, how do they hang on to you? By Elaine Kendall
120 People Are Talking About . . . Lord Clark of Saltwood
126 Hawaii. By Jill Weldon
158 Splitting Headaches. By Allene Talmey
160 The Band . . . The Best? By Richard Goldstein
166 Moroccan Wake-Up: The Paul Getty, junior, House in Marrakesh
183 One Place. A Poem by Lawrence Durrell

BEAUTY

40 Beauty Checkout
48 Vogue's Ready Beauty
96 Twexercises—New Fitness Routine for Husbands and Wives with Leigh Taylor-Young and Ryan O'Neal
100 Beauty Bulletin—25 Ways to Feel Better, Look Better

DEPARTMENTS

74 Vogue's Notebook: Movie Benefit in New York
76 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Alfred Kazin
76 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By John Gruen
78 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Anthony West
78 Vogue's Spotlight: Music. By David Amram
80 Vogue's Spotlight: London. By Quentin Crewe
85 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
180 Vogue's Fashions in Travel: Hawaii. By Despina Messinesi
183 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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Exploring Maui, the valley island, in dramatic turnouts by **TORI RICHARD** which reflect the vivid lushness of the place. Cotton tunic and pants overprinted with a handsome floral pattern in white/beige/orange, $60; in the background Iao Needle, a fantastic, fern-covered volcanic spire. Dazzling white pant-dress, $40, strides among the black lava rocks and the white jumpsuit, $45, overlooks the Seven Sacred Pools; both turnouts in soft, textured cotton with a Minicare®-finish. Sizes: 8-14.

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TORI RICHARD'S kabuki-sleeved tunic and pants, white/brown/navy, beneath the brooding presence of the hand-carved Tiki God. $55. Sizes: 8-14. The same Minicare®-finish cotton is shaped into the cut-out minidress, poised beside the spectacular Wailua Falls. $30. Sizes: 6-14. Investigating an antique whaler in the harbor of Lahaina, once Hawaii's royal capital—the cotton jacquard jumpsuit, $46. Sizes: 8-16.

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Iolani Palace, reminder of the Monarchy's early days (HVB photo)



QUITE CONTINENTAL... TORI RICHARD, HONOLULU . . . AND LH

With true Aloha spirit Hawaii's own Tori Richard puts continental polish to a pants set in an atypical tropical print, 60.00. Long before Statehood was in flower, the Fashion Store of the Pacific collected a fascinating mixture of polynesian prints for the island populace. Setting a new comfort standard in the air, Continental's Coach and Economy seating (only five wide seats to a row instead of the usual six), lets you loll around in chairs as wide as first class.

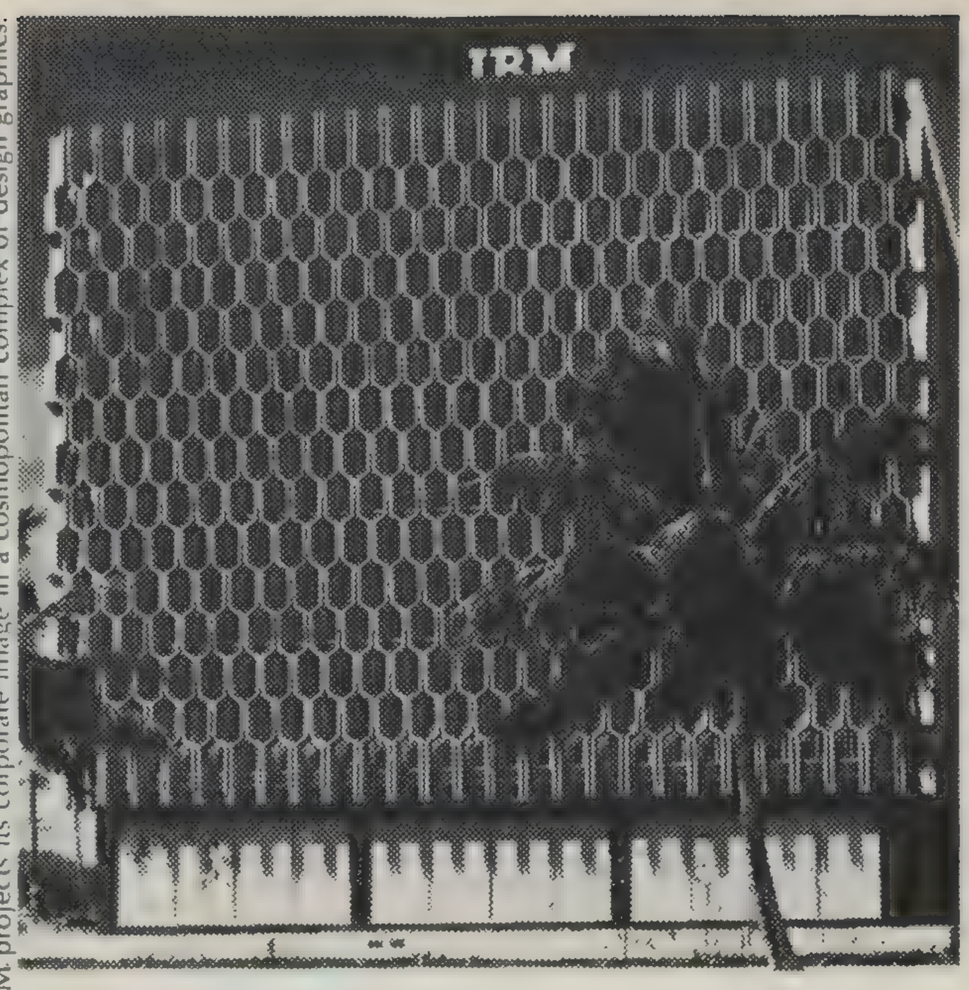
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QUITE CONTINENTAL... KASPER, HONOLULU . . . AND LH!

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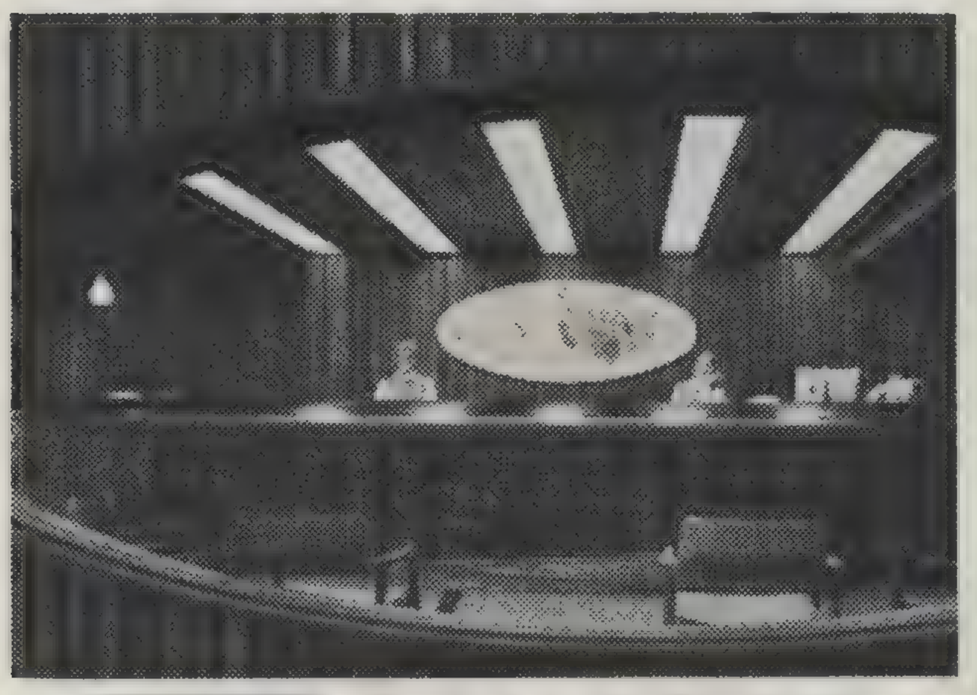
Hawaii's new State Capitol lights up tropic nights with volcanic symbolism.



QUITE CONTINENTAL... GEOFFREY BEENE, HONOLULU . . . AND LH!

For our enlightened state of social affairs, Geoffrey Beene switches on bright white wool knit, worldly-wise for dinner dates and theatre, 285.00. Another LH exclusive from Crest Room's couture collections. Oahu, The Gathering Place of Hawaii's seven-island chain, boasts an entertaining night life from varied cultures, East and West. Continental's new office in Waikiki boasts "Sonic 360," the ultra electronic system which confirms your reservations instantly.

CONTINENTAL
THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL



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Bank of Hawaii is one of Waikiki's scenic attractions serving the islands.

QUITE CONTINENTAL... EMILIO PUCCI, HONOLULU ... AND LH!

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THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL



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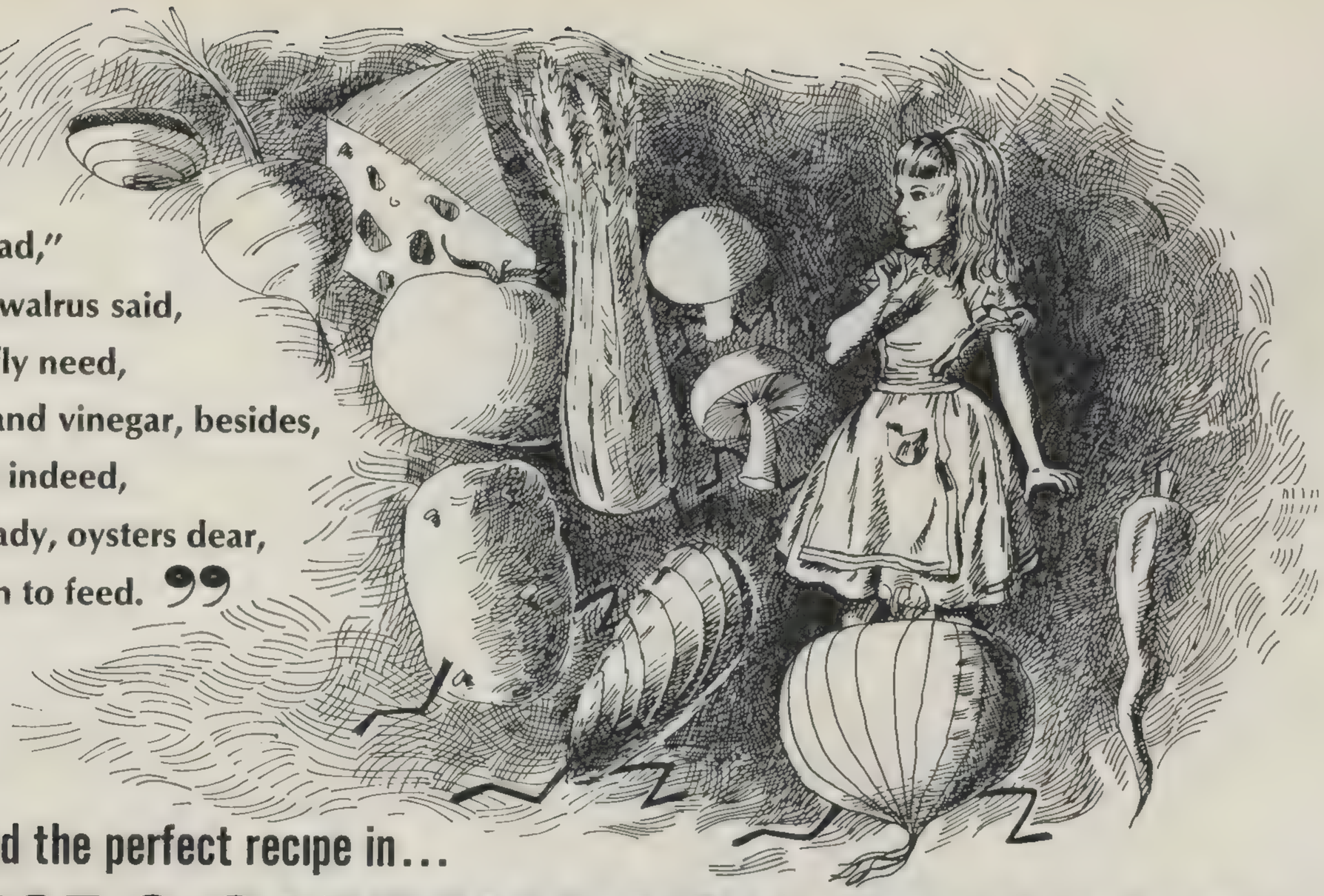
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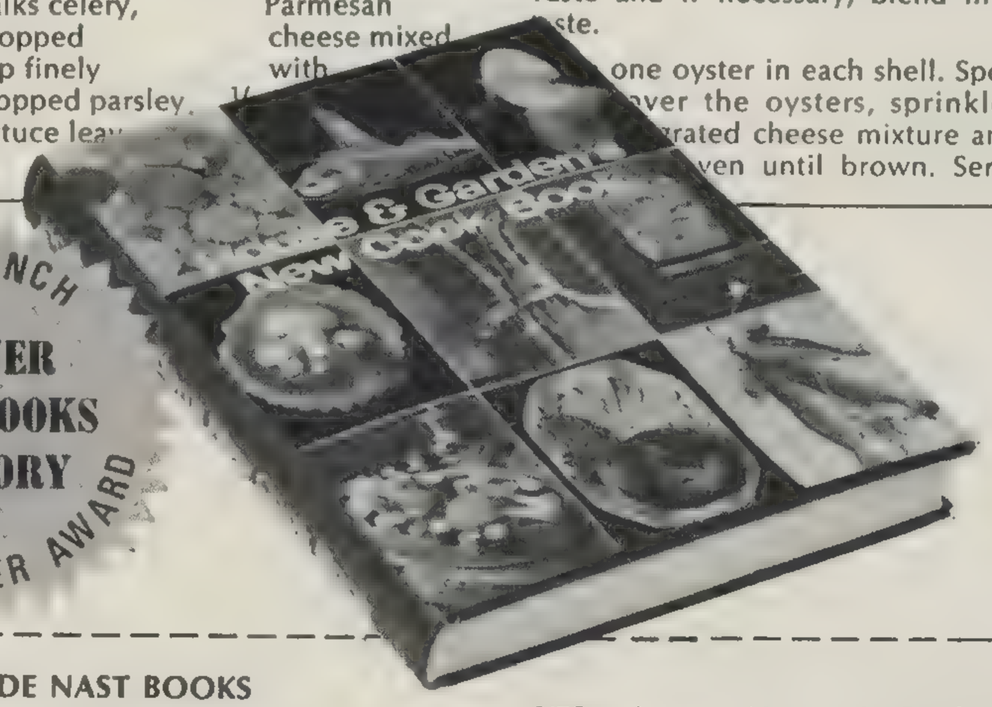
OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER A LA LOUISIANE

2 dozen oysters on the half shell
1 pound fresh spinach, cooked and drained well
1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots
½ clove garlic, finely chopped
6 scallions, trimmed and chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
½ cup finely chopped parsley
10 lettuce lea...
½ pound butter, melted
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
Tabasco to taste
3 tablespoons Pernod
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese mixed with
½...

Remove the oysters and any oyster liquor from the shells and put into a saucepan. Bring just to the boil, remove from the heat and reserve. Place the shells on a rack and bake in a 450° oven for 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, combine the cooked spinach, shallots, garlic, scallions, celery, parsley, lettuce and melted butter in the blender. Blend quickly, pushing the mixture down with a rubber spatula when necessary. Add the bread crumbs, Worcestershire sauce, anchovy paste, Tabasco and Pernod. Taste and if necessary, blend in salt to ...ste.

... one oyster in each shell. Spoon the ...ver the oysters, sprinkle them ...rated cheese mixture and bake ...ven until brown. Serve hot.



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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

JANUARY 15

From all over, ways they're looking better, feeling better—all over

Anne-Marie Bennstrom, lithe blond director of The Sanctuary, the joyous co-ed health club in Hollywood, is the instigator of the co-ed Twexercises that Leigh Taylor-Young and Ryan O'Neal demonstrate on pages 96-99. A very vital woman, as fluid mentally as she is in physical motion, Miss Bennstrom is a firm advocate of "natural" food. "For hundreds of thousands of years we have lived in a symbiosis with nature. We should draw from the energies of nature—fruits and grains and herbs and greens. . . . I was a vegetarian for seven years. Now that I'm married, life is a compromise." Miss Bennstrom likes that compromise. "Because we have evolved through the ages into such a complex being, we live now not only in a world of the vegetative, but in a world of emotion. The most perfect food for our emotion is love. The love that comes from giving is far more important than anything that we do for the body. . . . For the mind, I think creative thought is probably the most important. Just hanging a hook in your kitchen is a creative idea put to work." . . .

There's a kind of burgeoning wholesomeness about, and part of it is the passion for water—pure, mineral-loaded, bottled spring water. Women in France have been rinsing their hair with it for years. Some even bathe in it. Now aerosol cans of Evian water, tall, slim, foreign-looking, are appearing in U.S. bathrooms. Mrs. H. keeps hers there, sprays its moisturizing mist on a cleansed face for about two minutes. Mrs. R. stores hers in the ice box, fetches it out as a pre-makeup finisher. Another soaks cotton wool in it for eye pads, and takes it lying down. . . . Milk is the core of the regimen of Sybil Connolly, whose creamy skin is almost as well known as her designs. She dabbles lots of it on clean face, lets it dry, then rubs—not washes—it off with a gentle rotating movement. What's its action? She hasn't a clue. It's just something she learned as a child in Wales and has been doing ever since. . . . Still in the dairy department, eggs are going on heads and into facial masks. One woman swears by the yolk ("so nourishing") and the other holds for white ("it tautens"). . . . Just simply time expended adds some of the drama to Baronne Philippe de Rothschild's glorious, hip-long blond hair. In Paris, Alexandre's famous Caroline massages scalp and shoulders, applies shampoo section by section, rinses with spring water for a half-hour, and hand dries it with warm terry towels. It takes a half a day and two hundred towels, but it's one woman's way to shine the more—and get half through the new book of the author who's coming to dinner. . . .

A fan is a "divine tension reliever" said a divinely relaxed woman, who keeps in her office a palm-leaf fan from Hong Kong. "I'm not talking about being fanned, but using a fan." . . . Physically doing something yourself is great for calming the jangle, but the bliss of being done unto by a masseuse can not be quarrelled with. In Japanese hotels, where masseuses deliver soothing massages on short notice in the guest's room, the night shift, 10 P.M.-2 A.M., is the busiest. The masseuse moves silently in stocking feet, turns off the light, and quietly closes the door. . . . Fragrance is more therapy that works for you while you don't. In Hawaii it's built in. Hawaii is an orgy of intoxicating smells—from pikak-leis, from deep cerise plumeria blossoms, from wild hedges of ginger. Now there's a new fragrance being worn in Hawaii and seeping through to the mainland: Lani, a deliciously enflowered cologne mist by Royal Hawaiian Perfumes. . . .

Love your hair



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At last you don't have to put your hair up every night.

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WELLA



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1 2

These are four pictures of Judy.
(1) With her own hair. (2) With our stretch wig. (3) With our fall. (4) With our wiglette. You can look 1, 2, 3, 4 different ways, too.

3 4

Helene Curtis just made a wig that will make your hair jealous.

We really wish that you had one of our Nature Blend wigs in your hands now.

Because then you'd believe us when we tell you that Nature Blend wigs not only look better than most wigs, they actually behave better than your own hair.

One of the reasons Nature Blend wigs look better is that they can mix and match with practically anyone's hair perfectly. You see, Nature Blend isn't only one color. (That's what makes other wigs look fake.) Our wig is a blend of many different shades, exactly the way your own hair is.

There's a choice of 24 different shades, including frosteds. You'll be amazed at how closely they match your hair.

This color blending is an art. And our wigs are blended by hand. They look more natural than any other wigs. Even with our wiglettes and falls, you can't see the difference between your own hair and Nature Blend. You won't be able to feel the difference, either. Really.

There's another reason why you'll look more lovely in our wigs. Nature Blend wigs are more versatile about styling than anyone else's wigs.

You won't be stuck with wearing just one style. You can switch your wig to the latest glamorous look with just a simple flip of the brush.

But we said that Nature Blend actually behaves better than your own hair. And it really does. The secret's in our special Modac 53™ process fibre.

You have to set your own hair. You don't set a Nature Blend wig. The curl stays in. It won't go limp. Or frizzy. Even in damp or rainy weather.

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It's a stretch wig, so it fits any head. And it has a ventilated base, so it feels light and cool.

And here's something that's very important. Helene Curtis is the only quality name you know that's making wigs. And what's more, you'll get a one-year Helene Curtis Replacement Guarantee with every wig.

There's one thing we haven't talked about directly. And that's how truly marvelous you'll look in a Nature Blend wig.

The only way you can find out is to try one on. See how much a wig, wiglette or fall can do for your hair.

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silken to the touch and sexy
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long sunny legs, only.
Now it's your turn to cross a
sand dune and see what's
on the other side. Blue,
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White Stag

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The case against dry skin

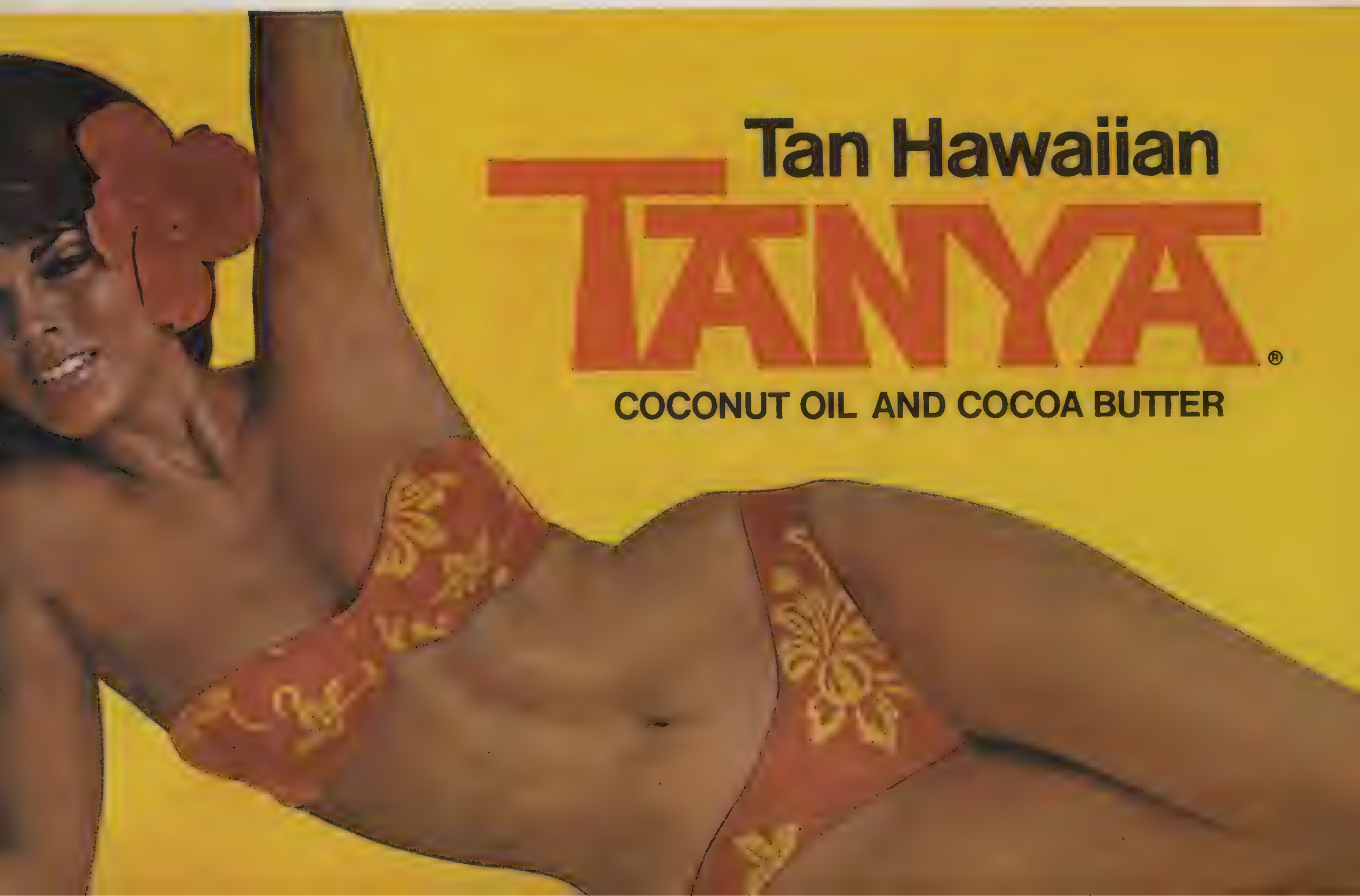
It's no good telling us that cold weather brings the roses to our cheeks. All the cheeks we see on anyone over seven range from curdled milk to greyish-green, because the dear little rose-cultivating natural oils go into hiding at the first bite of icy wind. Happily, word has swept in across the frozen wastes that Revlon's new Ultima II Skin Care Essentials kit is here for rescue operations. It is a beautifully thought-out case which holds all the necessities to supplement oils and moisture through the winter: Milky Facial Bath for pampersome cleansing; Gentle Skin Balancing Lotion to tone and freshen; Translucent Wrinkle Creme, incredibly, sumptuously smoothing; bliss-rich Undermakeup Nutrient Creme; and a spray flacon of Ultima Eau de Parfum for no reason other than ultimate witchiness.

The eye with the delicate air

Ana Maria's objective is to dramatize the eye, not just the *lid*. Hence her light, fragile eye shadows, never stronger than the actual eye colour, with only the liner and mascara beautifully dark and mysterious. The whole theory is present in her new Fabulosa Eye Collection, housed in what looks like a tiny swing-out jewel box—and you can take the analogy on from there. Four delicate shadows, an intentionally bland brow-builder, a velvety liner, a nice big slab of mascara, and four different brushes for expertizing.

Placating a minority

. . . and high time too. Funny how most people seem to think that a girl just naturally outgrows oily skin the way she outgrows adolescent acne. Not so. It's true that the dry-skinned woman dominates our world (like right-handed people) and almost all cleansers are oil-based and formulated just for her, but Frances Denney knows a sizeable minority when she sees one. So now, hosanna, there is a new, fresh, creamy, lemon-scented cleansing lotion formulated for oily skin *only*, be it all over or just in patches. Does a good crisp cleaning job and seems to have a kind of post-cleansing blotter action that stays with you. So you with the glossy skins, rejoice! Ought to anyhow, for you'll probably never wrinkle like your dry-skinned sister. (More Ready Beauty, page 65)



Land of the Golden People





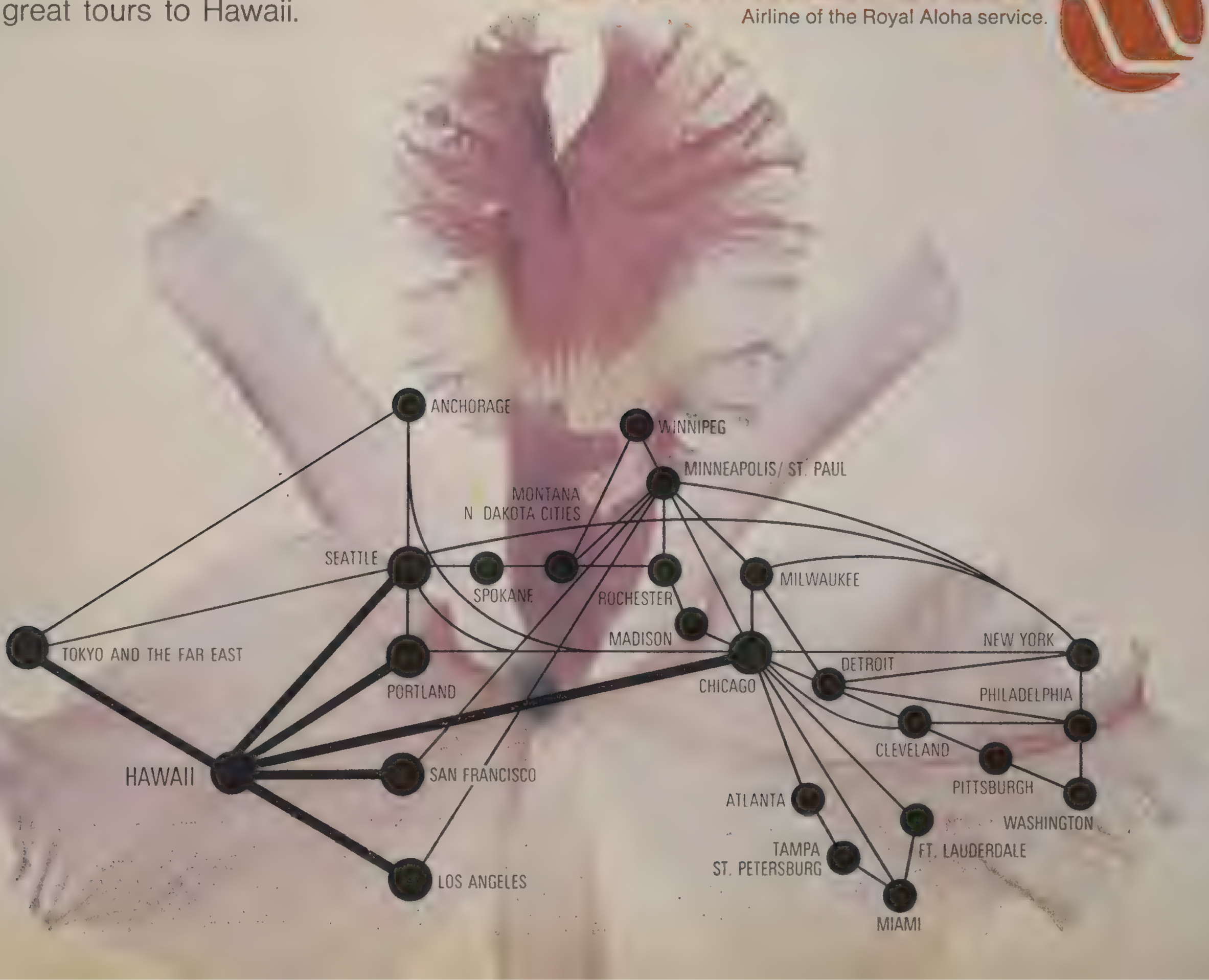



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and gaiety—

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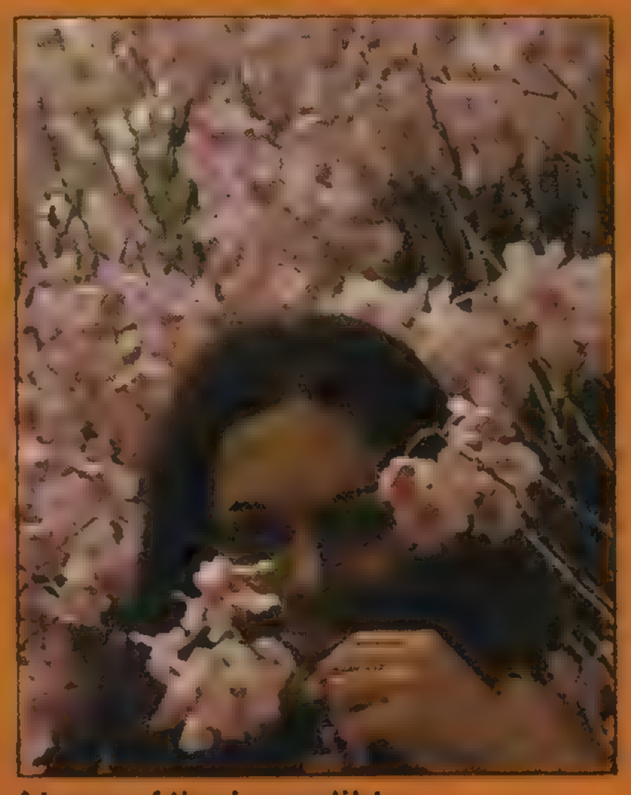
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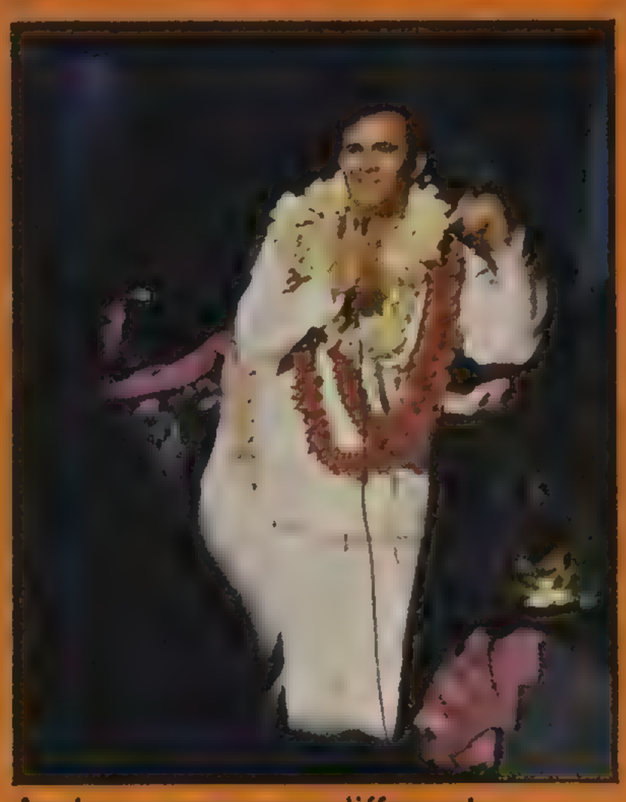
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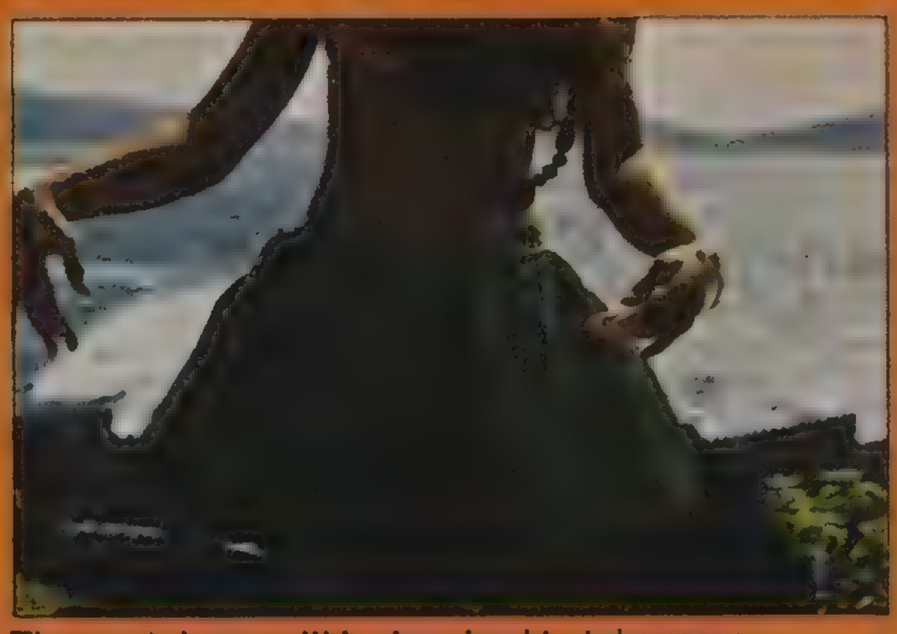
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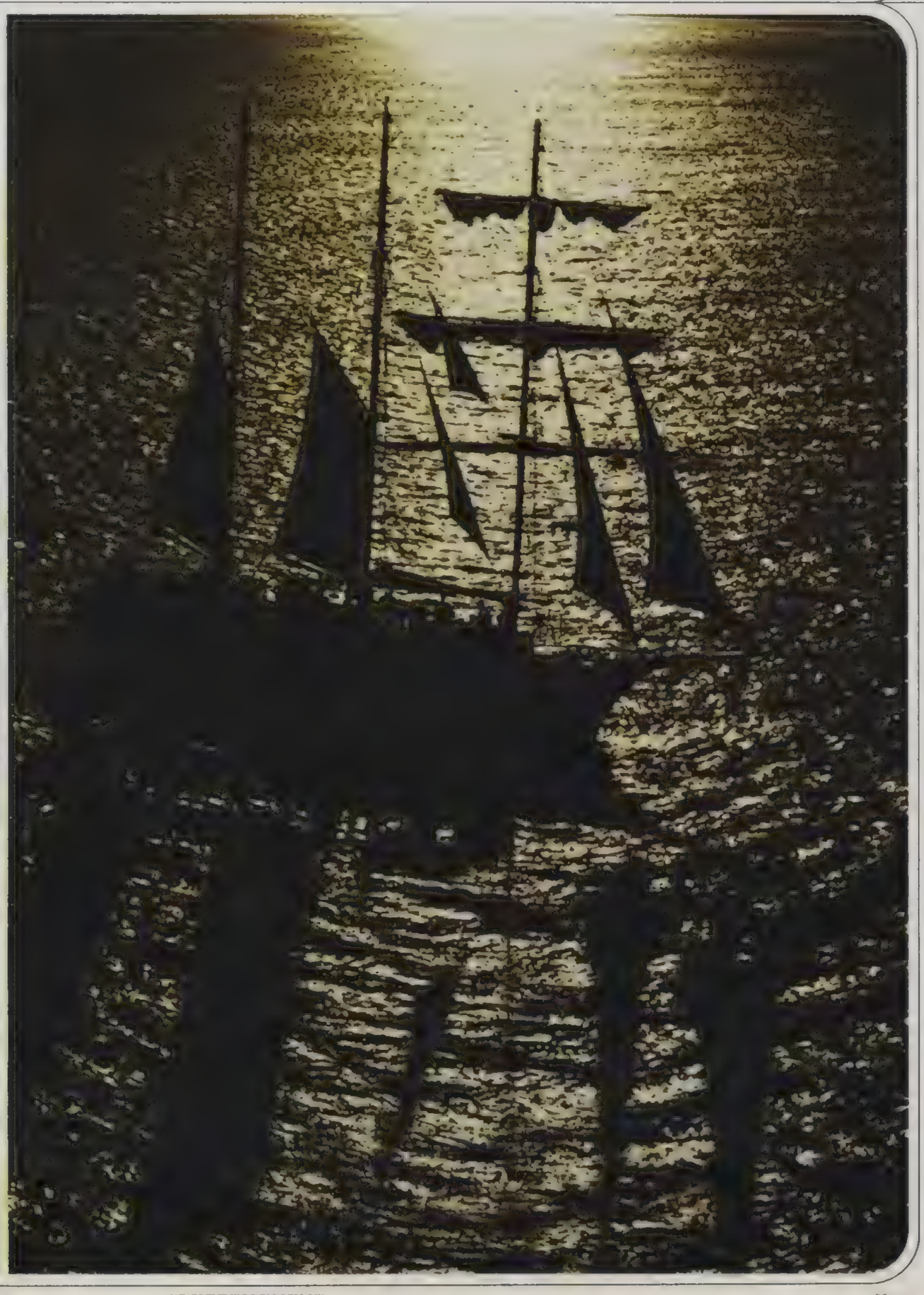
But, in case you want us to carry your enjoyment further, TWA continues from Hawaii with the only direct flights to Guam, Okinawa, Taipei and Hong Kong.

TWA TO HAWAII

It all begins with journeying . . .



The text and photographs in this special section are from the forthcoming book, "The Hawaiians," with photographs by Robert B. Goodman and produced by Island Heritage Ltd. The book, written by Ed Sheehan and Gavan Daws, will be published worldwide in the Fall of 1970.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A virtuous ally

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In the year of the fig leaf

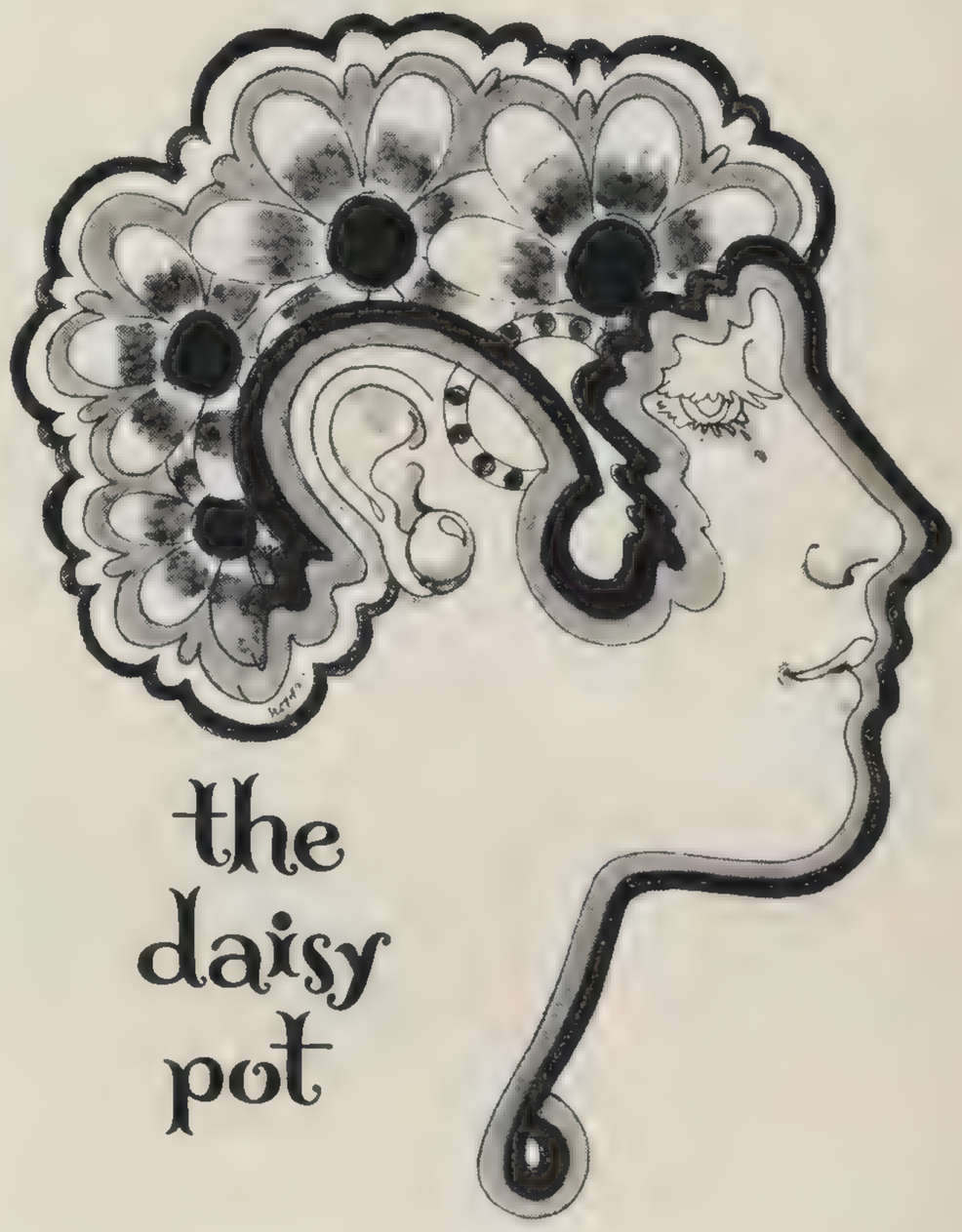
. . . this is the works. The whole body-works, lushly scented, richly formulated, bent on turning you out practically permanently perfumed, silked, and smoothed from tip-to-toe. This new perfumed serial is called Ambiance. The fragrance is definitely disturbing. It goes like this: Milk Bath Foam, a heaped meringue of perfume. Body Balm, fragrant and opulent with moisturizers. Parfum Oil, a sleeker and great as a pre-shower gloss. Also, one of those rather intimate deodorant sprays and, for moving about (in your own ambiance), a dear little sprinkler-top cylinder of scent to splash on your far-from-home self, or into the bath. The whole series in unexpected terra-cotta, copper, and gold tones—like an elegant Etruscan.

Rich is better

Our heart is liquid with sympathy toward all women who are compelled to face one sandstorm after another in the Gobi Desert, or spend eight hours a day trolling for tuna from the deck of an open boat. Apart from these circumstances, however, we see no reason to present anything less than a dew-fresh skin to the world, up to and possibly including the age of ninety. And now there may be hope even for the desert-dwellers, what with Orlane's staggeringly rich new Crème B-21 just landing from France. The savants at Orlane tell us that this is the first cream ever to incorporate an especially valuable and elusive catalyst which encourages a re-activation of new, young cells in the skin. The program is to use it for only two weeks in each two-month period. Just as well. The price (it's your face, isn't it?) is overbowling. $75 at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. (More Ready Beauty, p. 184)



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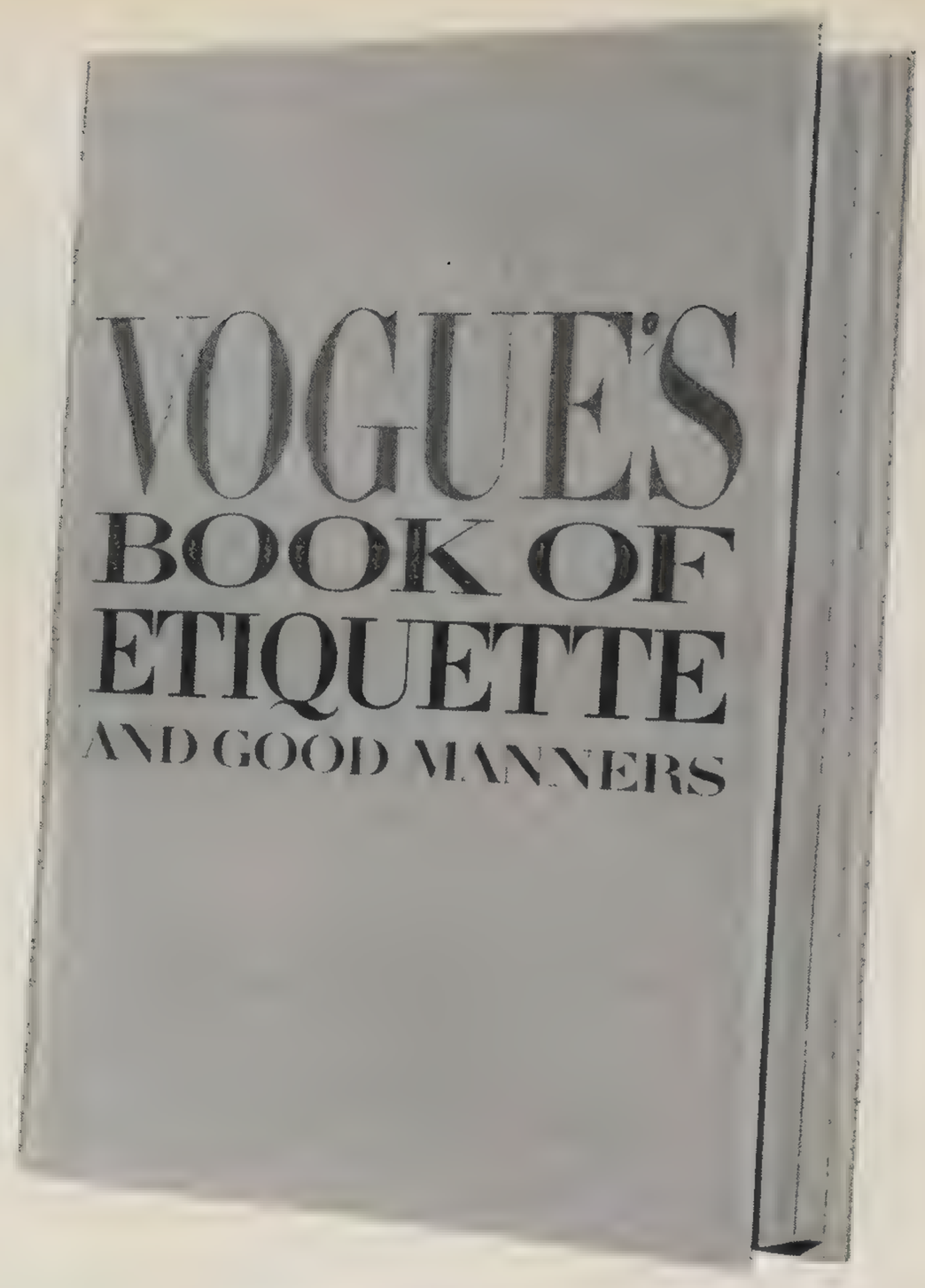
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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

HOPE AND "CHIPS": A BENEFIT IN NEW YORK



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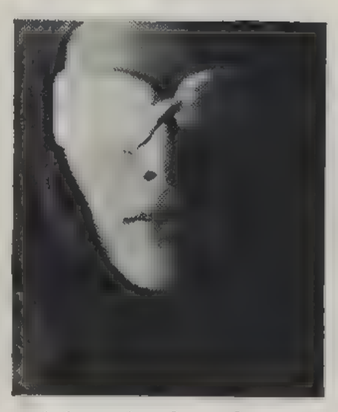




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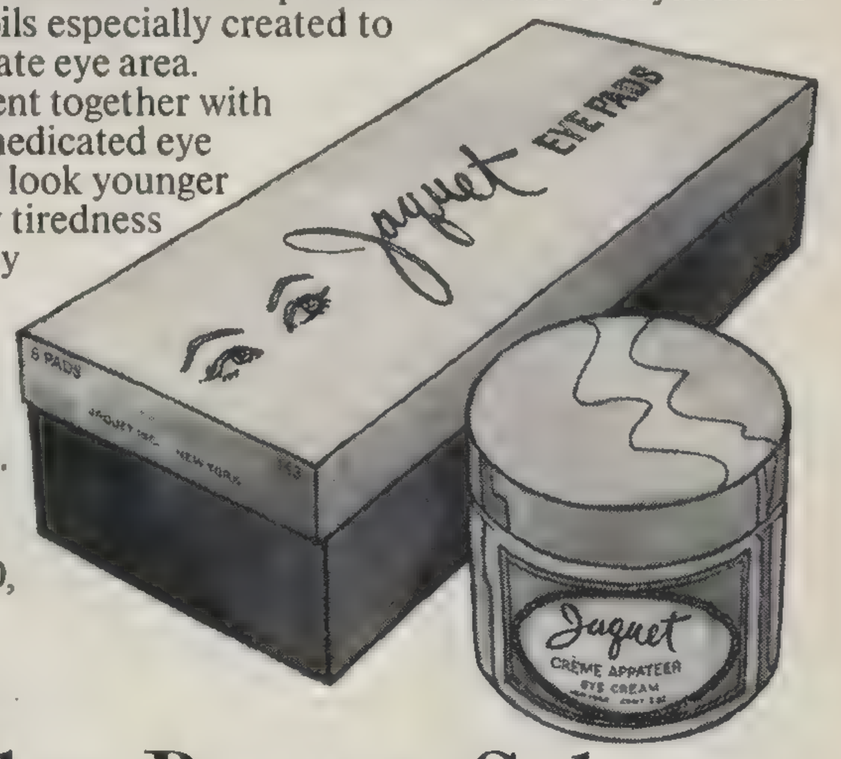
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

The French Lieutenant's Woman, "*charming privilege*"

John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (Little, Brown) is a fascinating novel about a Victorian *femme fatale* who is really a modern heroine. It is fascinating in the easy skill and close learning with which Mr. Fowles sets up the Victorian scene, in his old-fashioned ability to interest us deeply in his main characters. But what makes it particularly absorbing is Mr. Fowles's unsparing analysis of the Victorian age, from a contemporary point of view, that becomes as much a part of the book as the character. Mr. Fowles has the time of his life here as he both tells the story and comments on it. The plot is unrolled before us like a film, yet it is constantly brought *into* our world by the narrator.

The skill, the ease, and the point with which Mr. Fowles shows the nineteenth century as it was—then how it necessarily appears to us—are thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Fowles luxuriates in his love of a story and in his command of this one. To be a storyteller is to play God over the world one has made up. Mr. Fowles's only fault here is that he too visibly enjoys playing God. He has not only invented an extraordinarily interesting woman, but he *tells* us all about everyone else as a vestige of the Iron Age. No one could be more conscious of the decay of Victorian institutions and the truths for our time that Marx found in them. But Mr. Fowles's intellectual swagger in so exactly footnoting Victorian greed and hypocrisy is really his charming privilege as a novelist. He loves being in charge.

Charles Smithson is an almost aristocratic Victorian gentleman engaged to a very proper girl, Ernestina, whose father owns a great department store in London and a house in Lyme by the sea. Charles is not yet real, a copybook type, until he meets the local disgrace of Lyme, Sarah Woodruff, a poor young girl who is supposed to have been seduced and abandoned by a French naval lieutenant. The townspeople have abandoned her to the lonely beaches on which she wanders—a figure of tragedy, great beauty, and obstinate loneliness. She meets Charles because he is a naturalist who roams the beaches looking for fossils. He reluctantly and agonizingly falls in love with her, discovers that he is her first lover, and breaks his engagement at a frightful cost to his reputation. Whereupon Sarah disappears for years, and finally pops up in Chelsea, at the house of the Rossettis, with Charles's baby but no interest in continuing their relationship.

Sarah Woodruff begins as a victim of Victorian sanctimoniousness and at the end emerges wickedly as a twentieth-century girl with no particular loyalty to Charles. Poor Charles is the victim in a special sense of what Darwin called "natural selection." Sarah has selected herself as her main companion and, even with a baby, doesn't particularly need a husband. Charles, with our twentieth-century eyes fixed coldly on his "tragedy," has to grow through the Victorian cant that would have let him off because of his undoubted love for Sarah. Our world is no longer one of intensely personal self-regard. That is Mr. Fowles's main point. To see him prove this in a novel, when Charles and Sarah are themselves so interesting, is the measure of his achievement.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY JOHN GRUEN

End of the Road, "*terrifying, intense*"

End of the Road is a devastating, rivetting film. Directed with passion and brilliance by Aram Avakian—his first effort—and acted with enormous clarity and skill by Stacy Keach, James Earl Jones, Dorothy Tristan, and Harris Yulin, it is a terrifying, intense portrait of one man's psychic and moral disintegration. Against an emotional landscape in which reality and madness constantly collide, the film centres on a young college graduate about to enter the academic life.

Suitcase at his side, Jake Horner (played by Keach) stands waiting for a train that he hopes will take him to his first teaching job. The trains come and go; passengers board and leave them. Horner remains standing on the platform, paralyzed, rooted to the spot. Now a collage of images unfolds upon the screen: snapshot of Horner as a baby; Hitler and Mussolini glorying over World War II victories; Horner as a baseball-bat-swinging eight- or nine-year-old; Eisenhower with the troops; Horner at a high school prom; Hiroshima and the mushroom cloud; Horner and fellow students in a group photograph; Truman making speeches; Horner swimming, cavorting on the beach; John Kennedy taking office—the assassination; Horner growing up—eyes dazed; Martin Luther King, Jr.—the assassination; Robert Kennedy—the assassination; and always, Horner—a man now placed squarely in the miasma of his American world.

Still on the train platform, Horner is unable to move. He is in a state of hopeless catatonia. A doctor (James Earl Jones) arrives and drives him to his private clinic, an institution in which patients are allowed to act out their most bizarre fantasies. With agonizing, anxiety-riddled slowness, Horner seems to recover and is permitted to leave the clinic. He leaves with the doctor's warning: "No involvements!"

Horner lands a job as a teacher of English grammar and soon meets a fellow teacher (Harris Yulin) and his wife (Dorothy Tristan). The involvement between them becomes the central theme of the film. It is an involvement as intense as it is tortured, as complex as it is violent. The relationship proves fatal.

End of the Road, based on the novel by John Barth, was adapted for the screen by Terry Southern, Dennis McGuire, and Aram Avakian. Southern's acerbic dialogue, while at times overshadowed by Avakian's visual and directorial emotionalism, gives the film an immediacy and presence that constantly illuminate the inner life of the characters. They emerge as figures trapped within their separate states of ambiguity. The acting is never less than superb.

Stacy Keach gives a performance of poignancy and credibility. His illness, the pervasive motif of the film, becomes the symbol of America's own state of schizophrenia. The film moves into levels of universal chaos—into areas in which indecision, emotional paralysis, and catharsis bring about disaster.

Clearly, *End of the Road* is controversial. At times, it verges on the banal and melodramatic. There are scenes that will shock many people—an abortion scene of gratuitous excess is one. Still, it is a film of power and stature, one that brings into clear view the American sensibility as well as the workings of damaged hearts and minds.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ANTHONY WEST

Notes on a Cowardly Lion, "*funny . . .*"

John Lahr's biography of his father, the old style, pre-television comedian Bert Lahr, who began in vaudeville and moved on to play in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, is an entertaining and gossipy work full of funny theatrical anecdotes on the one hand, and sometimes touching and sometimes rather horrible personal reminiscences on the other. If *Notes on a Cowardly Lion* (Knopf) has an important defect, it lies in the matter of the relationship between the biographer and his subject.

In some ways it is an advantage for a biographer to have been close enough to his man to love him, but in others not, and this is one of them. John Lahr doesn't say too much about the quality of his relationship with his father, but he does give one occasional glimpses of the comedian in action in that rôle that leave one in no doubt of his poor performance. He seems to have been far too self-absorbed and knotted up internally to be very responsive to, or even very much aware of, the emotional demands made on him by those who were close to him. Children who have been shortchanged by their parents in the matter of the natural affections don't, typically, follow the obvious course of expressing their resentments in the form of hostility and criticism. They far more often respond by idealizing the people who have wounded them. Perhaps for this reason, possibly for some other, the young Lahr emphasizes the positive to a remarkable degree when telling what is an essentially grim story. After a brief flirtation with something as near juvenile delinquency as you can get without acquiring a record, the father went into vaudeville and became a comic, the one thing that could have caused *his* father as much pain as if he'd gone ahead and become a criminal.

The anecdotes of Bert Lahr's days at the bottom of the profession make the whole thing sound like a lot of rough good fun, but between the lines one gets a truly appalling picture of a life of intense anxiety and intense competition in which a man had to be a good deal of a son of a bitch to survive at all, and a fairly complete specimen of the breed to succeed. But if the cost to the person was great, the professional comic who made it to the top in the endless battle with cheating rivals, coarse-minded and, generally speaking, hostile audiences, and incredibly cheap and inanely unfunny material, emerged with astonishing skills in the way of dominating houses, eclipsing fellow actors, and making absolutely any line, no matter how inherently meaningless or dull, into a laugh or the foundation for one. When Bert Lahr moved on up the ladder into musical comedy, he was a superb craftsman who was hell to play with because he was under an obsessive compulsion to steal every scene, and if possible the whole show, no matter who was playing with him or what the show was like or what it needed.

John Lahr's accounts of some of his father's classic onstage butcheries, of the young Kate Smith, of William Arrowsmith's wooden translation of Aristophanes, and of Bert Lahr's backstage conflicts with George White are hilarious—but it's not a happy story, and the ending, which shows the master of his craft experiencing all the bitterness of failure at the very top of the tree, is nothing short of tragic. But sad as it is, it's a fascinating and remarkably illuminating book.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Music

BY DAVID AMRAM

Tommy, "*fresh, vital sounds*"

Is the opera *Tommy* really an opera? Since I didn't see the live performance at the Fillmore East in New York recently, and because I doubt that the Metropolitan Opera Company will stage it in the future, this is a question that can be battled over by musicologists, rock critics, and fans of The Who. Most of us can only hear the record. Opera, in the traditional sense, should be seen as well as heard. Since the art work on the album is like a 1920's De Chirico on an acid trip up Madison Avenue, I turned to the printed libretto to check it out before listening.

Without the music, the libretto of *Tommy* rivals most nineteenth-century Italian opera for total vapidity. Fortunately, the words are set to music so well that the opera has some wonderful moments to listen to. The libretto becomes alive and often quite moving when The Who performs. The Who is a very together group; and you realize as you hear their fresh vital sounds that the pretentiousness of *Tommy* is in the *production* of the album, not in the music. This began when record manufacturers put part-time belly dancers on the cover of "Scheherazade," and recorded music has had to fight its way through the bad vibrations of over-promotion ever since.

The recorded quality of *Tommy* is exceptional. There are electronic effects, distant sounds, and fidelity as varied as any recent rock record I have heard. The guitar sound often is reproduced the way you would hear it live, and The Who uses many of the limitless possibilities of electronic amplification with good taste and imagination. The performers also use rhythm in a way that holds your attention for almost the entire opera. During some of its moments, such as "The Hawker," it makes you feel like getting up and dancing. How many twentieth-century operas can make that claim today?

When Tommy sings, "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me," he is speaking for every person who feels crippled by the knowledge that his dreams and sensibilities are being destroyed by our technocracy. "Go to the Mirror, Boy," the "Vesti la giubba" of the opera *Tommy*, is a beautiful tune which should survive long after the promotional hype of *Tommy* has died away. The natural, lyric quality of this aria, in contrast to some of the exciting polyrhythms of other parts of *Tommy*, makes it an important step for what is loosely called rock music. It shows that rock (or opera, for that matter) no longer needs to be restricted by its own definition. We are entering an era when music is to be judged on its own terms, as *music*.

Whether *Tommy* is an opera at all in the traditional sense of the word is not that important. What makes it important is that there are exciting musical moments, and that the young people will no longer be frightened by the word "opera." Possibly they will become interested in hearing and seeing what we have referred to as opera in the past.

Of course many musicians and composers feel that if Decca Records had ever spent half the money on the promotion, art work, sound engineering, recording, and advertising for any twentieth-century opera, symphonic composition, or jazz, they could have helped to turn the music scene around a long time ago. I hope the success of *Tommy* will make them aware of the new audience for music of all kinds. All of us in music owe this young audience our best. That is really why we are here.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

London

BY QUENTIN CREWE

The rise and fall of "trad"

There is a feeling, with the coming of a seven-sided coin representing what we like to call ten shillings, that even those traditions which were untouched by time are now threatened. Well within living memory a ten-shilling coin was made of gold and called half a sovereign. Now it is made of nickel and says on it "fifty pence." Everyone made a great fuss when the new coin was issued and complained that it would be easy to mistake it for the new five-pence piece. Journalists rushed round pretending they had done so to prove the point. Unfortunately, taximen, barmen, salesgirls, and the rest when the reporters tried to overpay simply gave the money back. Then journalists had to go back and write warming paragraphs about the honesty of taximen, barmen, and so on.

The lively journalists of Britain are, of course, always more traditional than their readers. When Michael McCrum was appointed to be headmaster of Eton, the popular newspapers recorded the matter in their gossip columns, judging always, and who is to say incorrectly, that among the upper classes educational considerations take second place to social ones.

Mr. McCrum, however, may prove something of a shock to those who think Eton should be a cradle for the aristocracy. He doesn't, for instance, think boys should cane other boys. He is not against masters doing so, although he thinks corporal punishment "a very important issue." One of the boys said this depends upon which end you look at the problem from. More important, he considers, is bringing in "boys from poor or disadvantaged backgrounds." They would be given free schooling, instead of paying $1642 a year without extras. This has always been discussed and toyed with, but Mr. McCrum said, "We want this to happen. It is not lip-service to egalitarianism." He has, on the other hand, no plans to make Eton coeducational, as has happened at Marlborough, one of the lesser public schools (meaning, naturally, private schools). "Girls," he observed darkly, "are much more devious than boys." He added that he would be surprised if Eton wanted to go co-ed. My young Etonian friend again said that it depends upon which, and et cetera.

Traditionalists may take comfort from the fact that history repeats itself. At present Mr. McCrum is headmaster of Tonbridge School. The last Tonbridge headmaster to move to Eton was Thomas Horne. That was three hundred years ago. He didn't make much impact. After all, Eton has been going on about a quarter as long as Christianity.

The next person to make a virtue of updating the traditional is the Earl of Lichfield. He has opened what he thinks is the modern equivalent of a London Club. In reality it is a restaurant, or rather two restaurants, just off Bond Street. Lord Lichfield got forty friends to put up several hundred pounds apiece to create something between "an updated Simpson's-in-the-Strand and P.J. Clarke's in New York." In the Simpson's part he serves game, roasts, and bubble-and-squeak—olde Englishe foode. In the basement, which tries to stay open twenty hours a day, there is perpetual breakfast food, hamburgers, and hot dogs, "with an emphasis on health food," the newest fad of the swinging aristos.

The club is called, suitably enough, Burke's—the name of one of our equivalents of the *Social Register, Burke's Peerage.* The membership, however, is not limited to peers, for one of Lord Lichfield's partners is Doug Haywood, a trendy tailor. ("In London society nowadays one meets only tailors, hairdressers, and shirtmakers," a bright débutante observed the other day.) So the first five hundred members came from the movie world and advertising, as well as those Lord Lichfield refers to as "mates." Five hundred members will hardly be enough —Annabel's, the most limiting night club owned also by an aristo, Mark Birley, has a membership of over three thousand.

Burke's, however, has made a good start. The décor by Tessa Kennedy and Michael Sumner, using Edwardian panelling, a Victorian cupola with hanging flower baskets, modern greenery-yallery paintings by Stanley Kubrick's wife, Christiane, seems to evoke traditional Britain modified for the progressive.

Sometimes our traditions can surprise us. The opening party for the exhibition of Elizabethan painting at the Tate Gallery produced amazement. No one quite knew what to say, because there are no set phrases to apply to Elizabethan painting. It is so trad that there appears never to have been an exhibition like this before. The only person who really might have felt at home with it was Princess Margaret, the portraits being mostly of her family, nine of them lent by the Queen.

The exhibition was arranged by Dr. Roy Strong, who once described the National Portrait Gallery—of which he is the director—as "a trad Madame Tussaud's." Dr. Strong, who must be the only gallery director to wear a maxi coat, has almost created a whole new school of painting for us, so unused as we are to *looking* at English painting of that period. The exhibition also serves to remind us that the Elizabethan period was hardly the merrie time our Christmas cards would have us believe. One whole room is devoted to melancholy. The fate of the sitters also gives one pause for thought, the majority of them ending their days for one reason or another either on the block, in the Tower, or in seclusion.

Thinking of Mary, Queen of Scots, makes one reflect that it must have been almost as dangerous in those days to hanker after a Scottish cook as it is today. A porridge-loving family recently advertised for one, hoping perhaps to have at home the kind of breakfast served at Burke's. Their advertisement set them at odds with the Race Relations Board, under the Chairmanship of Mark Bonham-Carter. Mr. Bonham-Carter, son of the late Lady Asquith, is known for his logicality. To advertise for a person of a particular race, he ruled, contravened the new laws designed to protect immigrants from discrimination. It was a lively affair, ending peacefully enough with a discussion in *The Times* about porridge recipes rather than decapitation of the offenders. Anyone now wanting proper porridge either makes it himself or advertises for someone "with Scots' qualifications."

Finally, a new tradition has been created with the holding of the First Annual Jeffersonian Dinner. The dinner for approximately five hundred was given in the Savoy Hotel as part of the First Annual European Institutional Investor Conference, sponsored by *The Institutional Investor* magazine in conjunction with twenty major American brokerage firms.

All the food from wild turkey down to Bibb lettuce and homemade cookies had been flown from the States, including Hawaii. We had thirteen wines and Evangelo Brioni, the banqueting manager of the Savoy (he started life with some simple English name like Evans but found he did not rise swiftly enough in his profession, so he changed it and rose), told me that he had had to get five thousand glasses out of storage. Imagine five thousand *spare* glasses. Each guest was given a silver wine taster with his name inscribed on it. Someone estimated that the banquet cost at least $250 a head. Why Jeffersonian? Surely you knew that Jefferson invented the waffle.

This, I think, is a great way to start a tradition.

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HOROSCOPE

January 15 through January 31

ARIES, March 21—April 20. Your ability to take the social initiative will attract the right partner. Your ruler, Mars, continues to have the benefits of harmonious Venus—good for your efforts. On the 16th, there is a confirmation or strengthening of plans begun earlier in the month. All your new activities attract the help of those who are in power. This period continues until the 20th. A surprise on the 21st opens another social opportunity. Wait until the 25th before seriously considering action. The 28th stabilizes the idea. Pursue it, then it can become a reliable interest. There is a dramatic element present: a new idea that you will love.

TAURUS, April 21—May 20. *You are now resolved to introduce a new plan, as you continue to organize from the 16th to the 20th with excellent results. When Venus, your ruler, changes signs and enters Aquarius, your ideas will be aired. You may give up past associates. An important decision entailing an extravagance or gamble must be dealt with on the 24th. On the 27th and 28th you will be surprised to be relieved of a serious practical situation. A new social period puts you in circulation where you may find a new love among artistic and amusing people. This sudden change in routine stimulates a desire to express yourself on a different level; you should certainly try this.*

GEMINI, May 21—June 21. You are quick to see things, have a changeable nature. Your ruler, Mercury, has been idling, causing you to vacillate. You were not certain how to put the ideas you sought earlier in the month into exact working order. Don't blame yourself, for Mercury has inclined you to indecisiveness. The implementation of these ideas is not cancelled, just postponed. You re-enter the business world on the 20th. By the 25th, you have gathered your resources with vigour and have accomplished everything you planned. In these last five days of the month you will see the results: The 29th ends an obligation. The 30th renews and fulfills a promise given at the start of the month. Consolidate the new interests now, so they may endure.

CANCER, June 22—July 22. You get intensely involved in an idea. Now, as Mars, your planet of reality, is in Pisces, you may be in the mood to act on a new level. You should respond to the urge, especially in an activity you have never explored before. You may hold back, as you do with all that is unknown to you. From the 16th to the 24th, you may be propelled toward this new channel; information you receive on the 25th encourages you to try it. The 27th and 28th are the best days, for a new element excites your total interest. It could be a new love that stimulates you into accomplishment. Jupiter now in Scorpio, good to your sign, rewards you on the 30th.

LEO, July 23—August 23. *Your burning desire to be consistent suits the period from the 16th to the 20th. Then you may be required to give all your attention to unfinished business. On the 20th, as Venus enters your opposite sign, Aquarius, you attract many new associates who want you to endorse their projects. Refuse burdens that would distract you on the 23rd. You can not afford the proposal on the 24th. Spend the day with one you love on the 25th. You receive on the 26th an acknowledgement you deserve. The most exciting day is the 28th—a real surprise. Let the 30th and 31st accomplish what they may while you wait in the wings for your cue.*

VIRGO, August 24—September 22. You are industrious and may be so involved in details that you lose the expected harvest between the 16th and the 20th. Develop your opportunities through forward movement. When your ruler, Mercury, moves ahead on the 25th, whatever may have seemed to lag will move quickly. The 26th is a personal day to ask for anything you wish for yourself. You will get it. The 27th and 28th are challenging days. The 30th and 31st are best to complete whatever was promised early in the month. All new opportunities should be reassessed on the 30th, if they need the stimulation that your idling Mercury failed to produce. Reconciliation with a new friend would be a pleasant way to end the month.

LIBRA, September 23—October 23. The social activities that suit your nature have the exciting stimulation of Uranus, the planet that now occupies your sign and will for the next few years. This will bring many advancements and progressive changes. While the Sun was in a practical sign, it seemed to stymie you. Now your ruler, Venus, enters the Air sign of Aquarius on the 21st. Then you re-enter the social scene with renewed excitement and authority to create activity there. Initiate many new programs. On the 28th, seek fame, if you care to; it belongs to you on that day. Avoid pressure the last two days—it does not suit your sensitive, gentle nature.

SCORPIO, October 24—November 22. *You give intense interest to every venture; now, the great good-luck planet Jupiter occupies your sign and offers many new adventures. The practical stimulation between the 16th and the 20th should help you to get things done swiftly. Between the 21st and the 24th, you may have to make an important decision. The 23rd is a day to avoid, for it will disappoint you. From the 26th to the end of the month, you should initiate projects. Your ruler, Mars, has entered its own sign, Aries. Powerful, it urges you to express your resourcefulness. On the 28th, you will see the satisfaction in doing so. The evening of the 30th makes this busy month seem worthwhile.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23—December 21. You are easy-going and love the freedom to enjoy a congenial life; but with your ruler, Jupiter, still in Scorpio, you have taken on a different attitude. You are searching intensely for ways to express yourself on a more profound level. You will have to face partners or business associates who are testing you and examining your record until the 20th. From the 21st to the 24th, your values require a test of your own judgment. The 25th is not a day for dealing. The 29th and 30th are much easier for resolving your program. Those involved unexpectedly come up to your level in their evaluations. A new friend on the 31st may be the very person that you have been looking for.

CAPRICORN, December 22—January 19. Your dependability now brings its due response, for you have cooperative associates from the 16th to the 20th. Mercury, still in your sign, shows you the many ways you could progress through these advantages. On the 23rd, you have to fulfill an old obligation. If you wish your plan to endure and to have a substantial quality, you will have to meet the judgment of demanding partners. From the 25th to the end of the month, you are attractive to those in power. You must be certain of your facts and of what you have to offer; to remain firm in your course is to win. A new, valued friend must not be passed over on the 31st.

AQUARIUS, January 20—February 18. *The unyielding quality of your nature has been provoked by your ruler, Uranus, in Libra, the sign of civic expression. This has stimulated you to work for social justice. From the 16th to the 20th, Jupiter in your competitive sign, Scorpio, should give brilliance to your arguments. Then you touch on practical concepts. You change, however, from the 21st to the end of the month: You widen your point of view to include principles and policy. The 23rd is a difficult day, you will be balked; and the 24th presents a financial problem. After the 25th, clear sailing. A totally satisfactory six days end the month. You embrace a new public.*

PISCES, February 19—March 20. The dissatisfactions you may have felt recently should vanish now; for your ruler, Neptune, has entered a Fire sign—an exciting new scene. The deeply emotional Neptune will relate to the orderly, planning Saturn; and you will feel the steadying influence. After the 21st, with Jupiter giving you the courage to be more daring and adventuresome, you will drop all practicality. You then will be ready for a new world and will enjoy circulating your ideas. After the 26th, you will take a chance on a new love, not hesitatingly as you have done in the past but with a dramatic intensity that is surprising in you. This new strength to act firmly changes your image.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Clean is for a kid.

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Clean, soft, youthful and smooth is for a woman.

Be adult about cleaning your face. You really do need more than soap and water to get it clean, now that you're a woman. Your Vanda Beauty Counselor knows about skin care. She'll help you select the proper cleansers and fresheners and moisturizers your face loves to be pampered with. We come counseling.



Vanda
BEAUTY COUNSELOR
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Now, black for men

Black from head to foot, day to night. Black silk, wool, cashmere, alpaca, or cotton. Black in toto or perhaps with a flash of white or red, for all the elegance of a Spanish grandee, for the most modern dash. For actor ***Gilles Milinaire,*** 1, it's sleek as a cat burglar's rig, miles more presentable: Yves Saint Laurent's two piece, zip-front black velvet suit. Early, or late, in the day: black cashmere dressing gown, white-piped black silk pyjamas for ***Peter Jenkyns,*** 2, who found them at Lanvin 2, 2 Rue Cambon in Paris. ***Assaf Dayan,*** 3, the Israeli actor currently making a film from his own script of *The Sunset Train;* chose total black as his favourite at sixteen, sees no reason to change when he can find luxurious black silk shirts, plush black classic corduroy suits at Just Men in London.



1



2

MARY RUSSELL

JACK ROBINSON

COWAN

4



3

5

PATRICK LICHFIELD

CATERINE MILINAIRE

Richard Burton, 4, the English ex-racing driver now working and providing much of the amusement of life in Geneva, hit upon a possibly prophetic way to wear black: as a face ornament for parties. Technique: two lines of black grease paint divided by two thin lines of white grease paint, a narrow strip of unpainted skin between. Black is as classic as Balenciaga, and it was to the great couturier that ***Yul Brynner,*** 5, went for his black wool shirt suit, cut like a French workman's tunic.



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VOGUE'S
EYE VIEW



IT'S FIT TO BE FIT

She's Leigh Taylor-Young and in love: with him, husband Ryan O'Neal. And that's why she's pummelling him here. She knows all about the healthy-to-happy symbiosis, sees to it that her family exercises regularly and together: "One of our most effective exercises is chasing our two-year-old son around the living room." The boxing above is mostly mock, with lots of jumping and goofing around, and occasional tiffless biffs to the body for revving up circulation—it's marvellous warm-up for the shape-up twexercises some pages ahead . . . and all part of the fashion for feeling as great as you look. Throwing every inch of leg into stride, gallop into ride. Fight the good fight!

AVEDON

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

A NEW WAY OF

Head lifted, arms free, legs swinging out from the hip under coats, capes, ponchos–it's walking as if you were going places, and enjoying every step of the way...like

Joan Whitney Meyer

WALKING



If you're Joan Whitney Meyer and the granddaughter of Mrs. Charles S. Payson who owns the Mets, you just naturally walk on air. And here she goes—fit and freckled, hair like a ruddy-brown pennant in the wind—in one of the fur-lined coats that everyone's mad to own this year. This one's raincoat-beige cotton canvas on the outside; and inside, "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink. Joan wraps on the matching mink muffler and lets the fur fly over an ivory pullover and fawn pants. Coat and muffler, made to order by Maximilian. Ginori pants. Crochet mittens: Grandoe.

BERGSTROM

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

Shawn Ryan takes the fur-lined coat in stride—warm, luxey Russian Crown sable within; beige canvas without. Canvas dress and spats. Made to order: Maximilian. Tights: Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique.

Fair or foul, Penelope Tree marches on, cosy as a muffin in a nutria-lined poplin raincoat, brown vinyl skirt and boots, and beige turtleneck—not to mention the warmth you make yourself just walking around, piling on mileage, whipping up the blood. Turnout: an Emeric Partos design made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt by Elegant. The brown vinyl boots: Charles Jourdan.

BERGSTROM

A NEW WAY OF WALKING



Where's the fire, Penelope? Or is this just to let us see how fast on her feet a girl can be in an easy-legged midi culotte? Of black-and-brown plaid. Made to order by Nina Dimos. Tasselled orange sash, by Mr. John. Herbert Levine boots: brown suède, buckled and strapped.

...and the Tree swings on, this time in a navy wool midi with a wide skirt flaring around her legs, and a scarlet wool pouch over the shoulder. Coat, David Kidd for Marquise; wool loomed in America (Bellaine fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Mr. John pouch. Up Tied tie-dyed scarf. Charles Jourdan boots. Above, Hansen gloves. All the others, Grandoe.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING



JACK ROBINSON

ABOUT A NEW WAY OF WALKING



Three pretty girls out for a walk, and will you look at them go—fast, fast, fast—bouncing on their toes, feet barely touching the ground. Why else do you suppose capes roll and ponchos fly?... *Shawn Ryan,* far left, takes off in a tan wool poncho with brown suède turtleneck and a giant suède S—as in Serendipity 3, which is where all three wrap-ups come from. This one, about $65. ...The temperature just dropped through the floor, so *Cecile de Forey,* left, zips herself into a long striped-wool cape—brown, black, white—wraps a piece of raccoon around her neck, and plops on a rinky-dink raccoon cap. Cape, about $95....You can't keep a girl like *Sharon Harts* down on the ground—especially in a cape that flies around in panels. Double-faced wool—pale green, bright green—just thrown over the shoulder, buckled at the neck. About $65. David Evins boots, to order: I. Miller. Wrap-ups also: Angie, Chicago; Image West. Denver.

TWEXERCISES

NEW FITNESS ROUTINE FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES WITH LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG AND RYAN O'NEAL

Anyone can exercise, but it takes two to Twexercise, and it's much more fun. Anne-Marie Bennstrom of The Sanctuary, one of Hollywood's happiest new health clubs, worked out these four pages of routines for a couple to do together several times a week for general vim and vigour. She cautions a warm-up first with a few minutes of mock boxing or jogging in place to get the kinks out (see page 89). Then into Twexercise. The attractive two into it here are Leigh Taylor-Young and husband Ryan O'Neal, who are also well into the movies. Leigh's latest are *The Adventurers* and *The Buttercup Chain*, and Ryan's *The Games*—all due soon—and he's at work now on *The Love Story* co-starring Ali MacGraw.

THE LUNGE

Stand facing each other. Hold hands for balance and lunge straight forward on the inside leg, straightening the outside leg out behind. Hold briefly and return to standing position. Repeat six times, then turn about-face and repeat for the other leg. Leigh says it's "the best for legs and the back of the thighs."



THE POSTURE TWEXERCISE

Stand back to back, feet slightly apart and arms alongside the body. Leaning firmly against each other's backs, walk slowly forward, bending the knees and lowering your bodies until thighs are horizontal to the floor, steadying yourselves with hands on thighs. Stop in this sitting position and pull the stomach in, tilting the pelvis slightly backward until the vertebrae touch along the whole length of the spine. Hold for half a minute, then rise to standing position with continued pressure against each other's backs. Repeat three times. Leigh called this "very challenging, as each of us tried not to be the first one to fall."



MAN'S ABDOMEN TWEXERCISE

He lies flat on his back on the floor with knees bent so that his thighs are perpendicular to his torso. She stands beside him facing his legs and places her hands on his knees. Lunging forward, she tries to force his legs down to the floor against his resistance... marvellous for firming his tummy. Repeat six times.

AVEDON

TWEXERCISES

Ryan said he's always been athletic,
taught Leigh how to jog and play tennis,
but that she has refined his exercising.
Leigh, who studied ballet for six years
and knows all about discipline, said,
"What makes exercise such a drag
is doing them by yourself. Doing exercises
together is so much fun!
The more variety you can work into them
the less you dread doing them,
and it's a great way to
guarantee a good night's sleep."

LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG AND RYAN O'NEAL





THE BOUNCE AND THE BIRD

Opposite page, big photo: He lies on his back, knees bent and feet flat on her tummy as she stands facing him. Then he straightens and flexes his legs, picking her up off the floor and letting her down again in short bouncy movements—ten times. This is great for his legs, ouch for her tummy.... Opposite page, small photo: From bounce-position, she leans forward and grasps his wrists, straightening her legs as he lifts her into the air. Holding her in this bird-like position, he works his legs up and down while she flexes and straightens her arms, which is good for her pectoral muscles and strengthens his legs and abdomen. Leigh called this the most difficult Twexercise, "to balance myself on Ryan's legs as he lifted me. I was afraid he was going to drop me. This exercise is tremendous for strengthening both partners' legs as well as backs."

THE PENDULUM

This page: Stand side by side with hands crossed and clasped, as left, with inside feet touching. Take a giant step straight out to the side away from each other, bracing feet together, leaning the top half of the torso in toward each other, as above. This stretches one side of the waist. Then with hands still clasped and inside feet touching, bring the legs together and at the same time lean the upper part of the body away from each other, as below, to stretch the opposite side of the waist. When you get the swing of it, do it rhythmically like a pendulum. Repeat ten times.

AVEDON

BEAUTY *bulletin* 25

New findings. Calculations. Conclusions. Inventions.... All ready to revive you – or revise you – tomorrow, or maybe this minute. To make of you a 1970 edition that, in 1969, you never dreamed would be issued....

1 Give yourself a silent treatment. For your looks, as well as your ears. Loud noise not only damages the nerve of hearing in the long run, but, in the short run, it creates havoc with a face and body. Pupils dilate, muscles tense, there's a feeling of anxiety and tenseness. Blood vessels constrict "as if a tourniquet" had been applied, said one New York doctor. When the noise stops, the blood flows again to give proper nourishment to the organs whither it directs itself. But, the doctor said, if the noise is repeated, it may cause permanent constriction. "Even if you may forgive a loud noise, your blood vessels never do." . . . So, for maximum soundness and instant beauty, it might be attractive-making to retreat for a while—if not to Baffin Bay, at least to a lushly carpeted and curtained room, where telephone calls are signalled by light, the visitor is announced by soft chimes, and pneumatic door-closers and rubber bumpers and plastic bottles dim the household din.

2 *Put on false eyelashes. . . . Easier said than donned? No. . . . Helena Rubinstein, Revlon, and Eylure are among those who've seen to it that you have no shaky excuses here. Their new eyelash applicators steady a hand, perform like tongs, do everything for you lashwise except flutter.*

3 Make your mouth say *yes.* Look in mirror and see how much more promising you look than when you make your mouth say *no.* . . . "It is the sentiment or emotion that lingers about the mouth that constitutes much of its beauty," wrote the wily Lola Montez in her 1853 book, *The Arts and Secrets of Beauty*, now published by Chelsea House. "A mouth perpetually contracted as though it were about to say *no*, or curled up with passions of sarcasm and ill-nature, cannot be beautiful, even though its lips were chiselled like Diana's . . .". . . . For yet more affirmativeness, use a brighter, racier lipstick, put on within a shape outlined by a lip pencil, an old idea in revival.

4 *For quick energy, eat carbohydrates. . . . Dr. Peter Karpovich, studying the diets of Olympic athletes, found they had one thing in common: all consumed great quantities of carbohydrates —bread, rice, potatoes, even spaghetti—and considerably smaller amounts of protein. . . . And Dr. Jean Mayer, the nutrition man, has written, in regard to exercises requiring prolonged effort, that the body gets more energy burning carbohydrates than it does burning protein. . . . Just be sure to burn them.*

5 Expand your hair this minute. With somebody else's hair—wigs, falls, pin-in streaks, clip-on braids. . . . Or thicken the plot of your own hair. There's a new hair groom emulsion, name of Thicket. What does Thicket think it's going to do for you? Without grease or chemical activity, it proposes to make thin hair look thicker, quicker.

6 *For instant relaxation, put your fingers on your pulse. Inhale for 4 beats, hold breath for 4. Exhale for 4 beats, hold breath for 4. . . . Do for 30 seconds first day, increase daily until you can do it 5 minutes without difficulty. . . . Exercise suggested by Josephine Rathbone, who wrote, in* Fitness For The Whole Family, *"Effort and anxiety tend to make a person hold his breath. By letting go as completely as possible, the nervous or fatigued person relaxes."*

7 *Become a narcissist. Look in the mirror. Please yourself first, in order that you may please others. "I can tell a ballet dancer on the street any time," a doctor told us. "From years of work in front of mirrors, their beautiful carriage, their facial expressions become almost reflex action."*

8 Change the colour of your world with cosmetic glasses. Match them to your eye makeup—or to the day. Lenses tinted yellow have a glorious bent for turning a bad day good, injecting sun into a recalcitrant horizon. (They also reduce snow glare, cut a fog.) Pink lenses make things come up rosy, blue and green cool an overly sultry atmosphere. Brown is neutral, and excellent sun protection, of which, incidentally, dark eyes require less than blue. The reasoning here: irises of dark eyes absorb more light, halt it on its way to the retina where it can damage.

9 Revise your hair in 15 minutes, even in Kiev. The Carmen International Instant Hairsetter gives you 20 rollers, moves around with you in a travel case, works on voltage of international affability, includes two lighted makeup mirrors, one regular, one magnified. . . . In as long as it takes to put through a phone call under present circumstances, your hair is re-embodied.

101 WAYS

10 Iron, anyone? A London doctor said, "I have seen young women revive like wilted flowers in water when given an iron pill. An intramuscular injection is the swiftest way to combat iron deficiency. But multi-vitamin pills with iron, taken by mouth, can be very effective." . . . At least 70 per cent of all women are anaemic to some degree, therefore unduly pale, unreasonably tired. The most common causes are insufficient iron, improper food, and heavy menstruation. Concentrated iron therapy, directed by a doctor, usually helps.

11 Transform your eyes. . . . By turning wan blue irises to violet, pale hazel to rich emerald. How? With new cosmetic contact lenses, which have this happy facility. . . . *Open your eyes.* Brush up the brow, and fix it with surgical glue. . . . *Brighten your eyes.* Try unrelated shadows. Green with purple. Brown with purple. Instead of pink all around: yellow above, pink below.

12 *Shave more. More skin. Over arms as well as under. Above knee as well as below. . . . As Anthony Smith points out in his new book,* The Body, *"Darwin ascribed human hair loss to man's steady preference for women without bodily hair." Be that woman. Your own smoothness will improve your disposition, and any light you throw on the subject will magnify the achievement. One of the latest Lady Sunbeam electric shavers not only closes in on unneeded hair, but illuminates it with a built-in light.*

13 *Stand up—and mobilize. Working at a stand-up desk has more going for it than you might have expected. "Standing mobilizes the autonomic nervous system," one doctor explained to us. "It generally increases the tone of the system, allows for more efficient respiratory function, all of which should have a beneficial effect on attention, concentration, work effort." . . . From this, we translate: We stand—to gain. To gain mental agility, but certainly not weight, since stand-up work does away with more calories than sit-down work.*

14 Keep young longer by dealing with your ecology. Dr. Earle W. Brauer, dermatologist-author of the new book, *Your Skin and Hair*, writes this about aging environmental factors. "The skin is the body's first line of defense, but some exposed areas take more assault than others. . . . Wind, dust, grime, grit, sunlight, cold, heat, industrial and household chemicals are only some of the agents which slowly and surely, with persistent exposure, cause alteration in our skin that advances the aging process. . . . Air pollution with its high sulfur dioxide content is presently getting much notice for its unhealthy effects upon eyes and lungs. . . . But what about the exposed skin? Sulfur dioxide in the presence of moisture eventually forms sulfuric acid, a compound not known to possess skin-sparing qualities." . . . How to cope? More cleansing. More barriers betwen you and the climate. More moisturizing, more foundation base. On the body, especially arms, hands, legs, it requires emollients that will last the dirty day.

15 *Plan a restorative weekend. One of the celebrated beauties of our time, an American recently settled in England, had this to say about English girls vs. American girls. "I think the real secret is the pace. One reason one feels so much better there is you don't get the pressure you have here. You're not so wont to get haggard in England. You sleep much better, and you have the great outdoor weekend. You walk, you play tennis. You relax. If I don't go away for a weekend, Saturday morning I'll get up in time to do all my shopping because everything closes at one. I may have a Saturday lunch with people, but it's pretty relaxed. If I possibly can help it, I will not go out Saturday night. . . . Sunday, I stay in bed all day. I never go out on Sundays unless it's summer, and I go over to somebody's garden."*

FEEL . . .

16 *Smoking: Cut it down or cut it out. Here's a new wrinkle to make the project more appealing. . . . Dr. Harry W. Daniell, a California internist, has burned deep into the subject, has concluded that "more women smokers have slack, thin, wrinkled skin than do non-smoking women." He remarked—and we pass this on to unsettle your habit—that "some women pay more attention to a diagnosis of impending crow's feet than to heart-to-heart talks and threats of disease, delivered with grave countenance."*

17 *Draw a bath that will improve your disposition. A sea-salt bath to exhilarate, a milky bath to placate ruffled skin, an aromatic bath to make everything seem prettier. . . . One great beauty enters her bath with masque and eye pads, no reading allowed. Lets the water trickle to keep it warm. It drips, hypnotizingly, against complete silence. . . . Another puts her evening makeup on before she enters the bath. The steam, she holds, sets it. . . .*

18 60% : a figure to watch. When the hygrometer registers under 60% humidity inside or out, the air steals precious moisture from your skin. You don't just happen to have a hygrometer? This test will tell. Drop three ice cubes into clean glass, add water and stir. If, after three minutes, there is no moisture on outside of glass, your skin needs help. Slather on moisturizing creams, turn on the humidifier. You don't have a humidifier? Use vaporizer. Or put a large pot of water on a radiator, until the real thing comes along.

BETTER

BEAUTY *bulletin*

19 *Recognize, and do battle with cellulite. What is cellulite? It's a certain fat accumulation that can be identified by the quilted, rather rippling look it gives skin, principally around the upper arms, the thighs, the hips. If it's not yet superficially obvious, it can often be detected in time by pulling the skin taut over suspected areas. . . . Fast anti-cellulite manoeuvres: every day in bath, rub culprit regions upward with loofah or brush or brisk sponge. . . . "Walk" across an uncarpeted floor on derrière. . . . "By kneading, by vibrating, by rubbing, by doing certain exercises, it's possible to decrease cellulite in local areas," said one skin specialist. . . .*

20 Find somebody to pay attention to you. Your husband, if you can organize his resources. Your mother, to put you to bed and keep you there for a day or two while she infiltrates your system with Old Wives' remedies for your cold, or milder indisposition. Your teen-aged child, who might be surprisingly delighted at the opportunity of ministering to Old Stoneface when she seems to need help. . . . If family and friends are elusive in this respect, recruit from the outside. A masseuse who concerns herself with every fibre of you; a physiotherapist who values your physical performance beyond all else. . . . If "do unto others" is all it's cracked up to be, you really should, just once in a while, give the other guy a stab at it. . . .

21 Put on a facial mask, the most immediate do-it-yourself route to skin clarification. . . . "They hoist your skin up like a jib sail," said one who navigates, ravishingly, the waters of the earth. . . . Try a fruit mask for facial nourishment. . . . A cod liver oil mask, "designed for use on face and neck during bath when vapours contribute to softening effects." . . . A "vitamin" mask. . . . A "nuts in May" mask that clarifies with clay and finely-crushed almonds. . . . If you fail to have on hand ready-made mask material from one of the beauty genii, you might get out a packet of good old Knox Unflavored Gelatine, beat it with baking soda, witch hazel, egg white, and leave on twenty minutes. . . .

22 *Take a Scotch Shower to whip up circulation, to wake up a lazy mind. Start with hot water, switch to cool. Back to hotter, then to colder. Abrupt changes, ending with cold—and, après-drying, an aerosol splurge of delirious après-bath oil to mollify the body and codify its agenda.*

23 *Wake up tomorrow morning with unpuffed eyes. Sleep with your head slightly elevated—that's the advice of Dr. Norman Orentreich, clinical dermatologist and head of the Orentreich Foundation. . . . Gravity is the principle here. . . .*

24 Plan a walking weekend. Said the Anglicized American beauty: "In England, I don't go places on weekends unless I know I can walk and read. You walk before lunch, you have lunch, you read a book, you go for another walk. There's much more walking in England. . . . It's *country* country, the best life in the world. Even in the city, you have country. Everything stops on the weekend except walking. . . ."

25 **Get your face out of its shell.** Send caution out to sea. Start with Z. New Formula Z Make-Up Base, a foundation with, for its foundation, the wondrous Formula Z evening cream that Zsa Zsa Gabor spirited in from Hungary. That makes Formula Z a 24-hour treatment. Or: now you can do all day what once you could only do all night. . . . It's all part of a stirring cosmetics plan that's enticing faces to emerge from the shell of anonymity and make a name for themselves, a plan followed by the beauty on two half-shells, *right,* who also has working for her a liberal dollop of Blue Willow Waterlight eye shadow and a Formula Z lipstick, Pink Tavel. . . . A plan by Zsa Zsa Ltd. with possibilities strictly un-Ltd. . . .

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Everything about you now is one glorious build-up of design. And that goes for everything. Tops. Bottoms. Outsides. Insides. Overs. Unders. Bits here. Pieces there. Colours, patterns, textures, the smallest detail, the most sweeping outline. Everything is design. Like Donald Brooks's Navajo-printed silk turnouts on these two pages. The colours and patterns are bold, clear, contemporary; the build-up brilliant—whether you're looking at the organza tunic and pants, **1**, with a fringed frontier jacket in a neighbouring tribe's print...or the evening jumpsuit, **2**, scarfed on the arm...or the organza mid-calf dinner dress, **3**, striped in horizontal bands of marvellous Indian colour and design and worn with red legs, red feet. All by Donald Brooks, in silk prints by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. Hair wrapped and tasselled, adding design to design on these fourteen pages, by Ara Gallant.

...Fringed organza turnout, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Pablo and Delia pendant. Alev Colon wrist beads. Boots, to order, I. Miller.

Jumpsuit from Boutique Donald Brooks; about $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. La Galeria Boutique earrings.

Dress, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Tinsel Trading hair cord. Beaded bag from Christa. Prestige pantie stockings. Boots, to order at I. Miller.

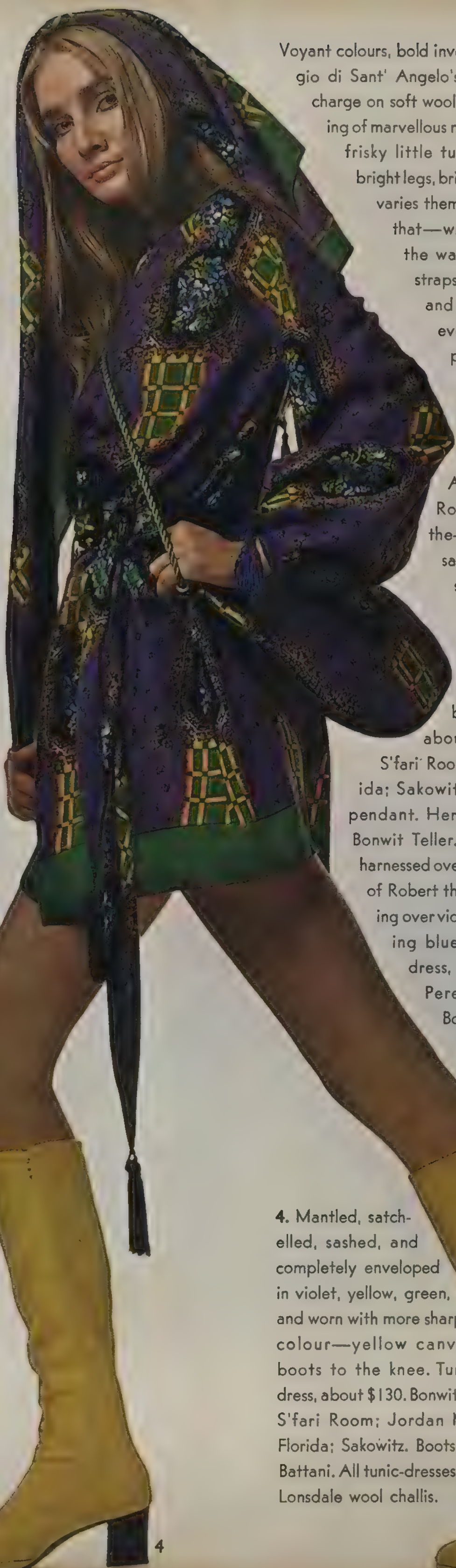
AVEDON

design on design on design

1

2





Voyant colours, bold inventive patterns—Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's imaginative lightning charge on soft wool challis. That's the making of marvellous new proportion: all these frisky little tunic-dresses over long bright legs, bright boots. Sant' Angelo varies them endlessly this way and that—wraps the throat, wraps the waist, mantles the head, straps on harnesses of leather and silver, dangles tassels everywhere. **1.** Aproned peasant dress in Paisley and striped challis over lots of red petticoats, long red legs. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue Park Avenue Room; Sakowitz. Round-the-Clock tights. I. Miller sandals. **2.** Strong yellow, strong red, and black; a scarf knotted at the throat with the long end dipping down over the shining red boot. Challis tunic-dress, about $130. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz. Richelieu tasselled pendant. Herbert Levine boots, at Bonwit Teller. **3.** Tassels and tartan harnessed over a tunic with all the dash of Robert the Bruce, plus a sash falling over violet stockings and gleaming blue boots. Challis tunic-dress, about $130. Belt: Elsa Peretti for Sant' Angelo. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue Park Avenue Room. Dress, also Sakowitz. Phoenix tights. Jerry Edouard boots, at Henri Bendel.

4. Mantled, satchelled, sashed, and completely enveloped in violet, yellow, green, and worn with more sharp colour—yellow canvas boots to the knee. Tunic-dress, about $130. Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz. Boots by Battani. All tunic-dresses in Lonsdale wool challis.

DESIGN ON DESIGN—
LITTLE CHALLIS PRINTS
AND LONG BRIGHT LEGS

AVEDON

3

4



DESIGN ON DESIGN ON DESIGN—WITH FRINGE AND TASSELS, SUÈDE AND TWILL, TWEED AND JERSEY

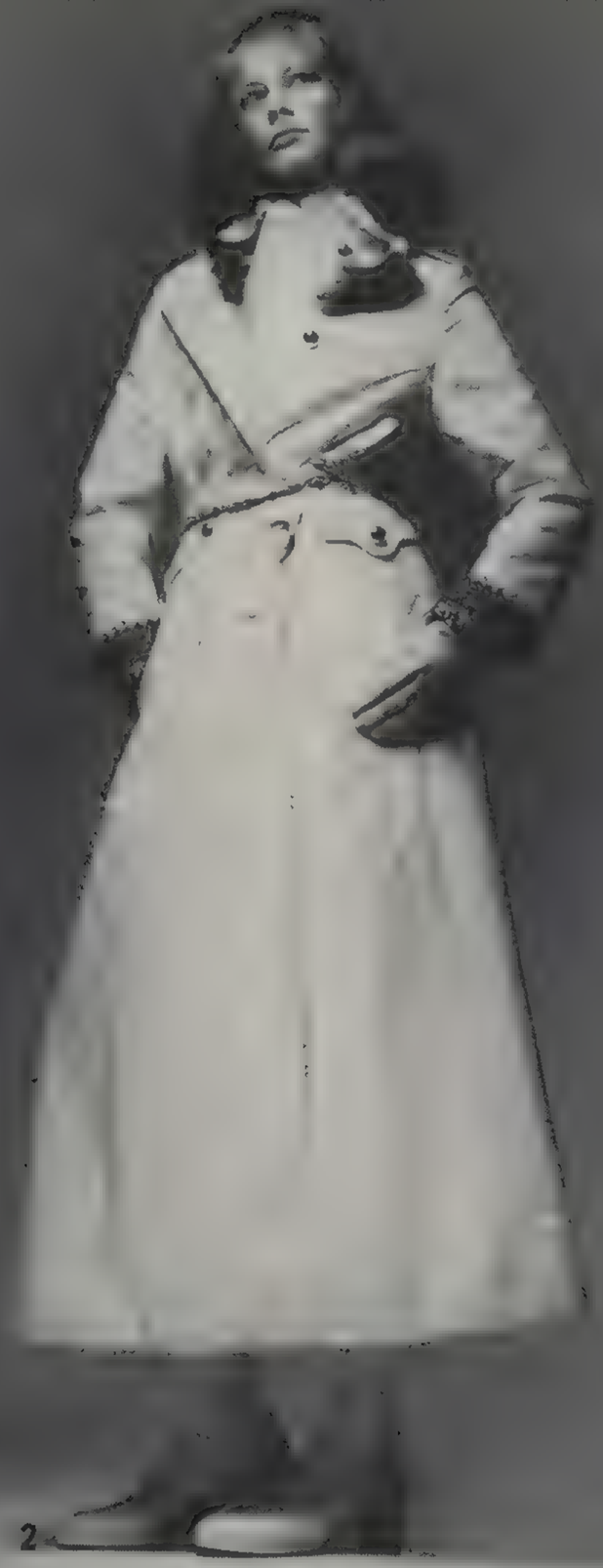
Grainy and great cavalry twill dress, left, fringed suède boots over the knee, a tasselled scarf of your own shining hair—the most natural wrap-up imaginable for the head. Donald Brooks dress, of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics). Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Thomas Robbins thong. Christel of Copenhagen boots. Tassels, thongs, tweed, jersey, and long striped legs, right, worn with that same glorious scarf—your own hair wrapped around your head and held by a tiny thong; here, the plaid tweed cardigan's also thonged, and tasselled, over a sleeveless white wool jersey dress, but who's to stop your wearing it over stringy violet crochet, or as a coatdress on its own. Turnout by Kasper for Joan Leslie, in mauve-pink-green-white plaided wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics). About $250. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Odyssey thong in the hair. Calderon leather thongs at the waist. Gloves by Grandoe. Bewitching tights. And, here and across the page, hair that's all colour and shine, bathed in Helene Curtis's new Suave Lemon Creme Rinse.

AVEDON



1. Shiny scarlet midi coat, all crushy and crinkly and wonderful with a little tied-off throatband wrapping up the whole great look. And more shine underneath: just a bit of sleeveless black this time plus crocod le-printed boots with silvery rims and spurs. Vinyl coat and tunic-dress by Jacques Tiffeau. Lord & Taylor; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Herbert Levine boots, to order at Bonwit Teller. **2.** Lots of crinkly white shine—maxi coat, maxi boots. Gleaming gold braid at waist and wrist. Vinyl coat by Originala. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Castlecliff braid at waist. Kislav gauntlets with braid cuffs. Gold boots. **3.** The deepest, fakest, most marvellous furry brown flurry—banded and belted in vinyl shine just like the pants skinnying into tasselled boots. By Don Simone for Modelia, in Dynel-and-cotton. Best & Co.; Halle's, Cleveland. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. David Evins Ginza boots, to order at I. Miller. **4.** This snaky brown-and-tan vinyl coat's got everything going for it, and with it—grey-and-white snake print legs, heaps of leather fringe. Gallant International coat; Duchess Fabrics vinyl. About $85. Best & Co.; Joseph Horne. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Ruza Creations pouch. Hudson-Chadbourn tights. Boots by Christel of Copenhagen. **5.** Good slick scarlet shine—tabbed, belted, and all trenched up, with white buttons dotted here and there and a sharp white shirt winging out over the collar. Vinyl coat by Originala. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Lady Arrow shirt. Battani scarlet patent boots to the knee.

AVEDON





design on design on design—with fake fur, fake snake, fake leather, and lots of real-slick



DESIGN ON
DESIGN—INDIAN,
REPTILE,
LEATHER AND FRINGE







1. Aztec design, blue-and white cotton, and a sleeveless coat turned out over its own skirt, white shirtsleeves, white boots. By Paul Burrenstein for House of Brenell. About $165. Best & Co.; Gus Mayer. Beaded neckpiece by American Indian Arts Center. Calderon neck thong. Herbert Levine boots, at Benwit Teller. 2. Reptile print, brown-and-beige crêpe, and a jacket and pants with lots of good fast slithery shine. Günter for Project II, in Acele acetate, with Zepel finish (Loomskill fabric). About $125. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Glentex scarf. Madonna belt. Fringe on-the-cuff: Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Beads by Bandolinos. 3. Blue and-white Navajo print boldly zigzagging across vest and skirt, smash as can be with a dark-blue shirt and white boots cuffed high in blue. By Teal Traina, in Wamsutta acetate and cotton. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Calderon tasseled thong. 4. Fringe from knee to ankle, quite black leather stripes on white from hip to knee—the pants are snug, snug, snug and worn under a big black leather-and-jersey top, black suède fringe dangling from each wrist. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Jersey: Jasco worsted knitted in America, about $70; pants, about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neustetter's; Neiman Marcus. Bruce Rudow fringed cuffs.



DESIGN AND DESIGN—
THE DELICIOUS NEW PRINTS

...n and white silk, flinging out from ... Mary Cassatt yoke—pleated print ... over swirled print legs and snake-... ankled feet. By Pierre Cardin-New ... Barwit Tellor; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Alev Colon rings. Hud-...-Chadbourn tights. David Evins san-..., to order at I. Miller. **2.** Muffled and ... and dotted with leopard spots—... silky chiffon dress anchored only by a ... fur cross. By Ceil Chapman, in Fisher & Gertile silk. About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Sakowitz. Bruce Rucow ... gold cross by Larry Vrba for Castle-...ff. Bruce Rucow ring, bracelet. Acces-...craft rings. Round-the-Clock tights. **3.** Orange Paisley chiffon sprinkled with ...ins across the high bodice and matching scarf—no end of sparkle and shimmer every time you move. By Lisa Meril in rayon. About $192. Sara Fredericks' Clips Pomeroy Hurzfeld's. Rings on ... by Arpeggio's

Diamanté blaze for a diamanté white crêpe poncho, left—openly jewelled to the waist, pointing the rest of the way. It's sharp and pure as its mitred edge and terrific for evening over matching crêpe pants. Turnout by Helga, in crêpe of polyester. At Sara Fredericks; Sakowitz; Bullock's-Wilshire. More white—a big, bogus pearl ring, by Marvella.

White ostrich really laying it on, right, like the good old boudoir days—and making so much of this little white silk crêpe robe, it could be your most adorable coatdress this spring. By Bill Blass. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Viola Weinberger gloves. Hair ornaments, all by Pablo and Dulia.

The tasselled hair designs on these two pages and on the preceding twelve, are by Ara Gallant.

WHITE DESIGN ON WHITE CRÊPE—JEWEL-BLAZED, OSTRICH-PLUMED



THE ENTI

ON TV, WHO DO THEY THINK YOU ARE?

BY STEPHANIE HARRINGTON

Television commercials may be many things to many people, but two things are obvious—they're an index to our anxieties and a boon to anthropology. What better crash course in the values, mores, fantasies—and particularly the fears—of Americans?

How do Americans feel about sex? Consult your network television commercial. Consider the teaser about "Lovestick," a lipstick "men can look at but they can't taste." Are we overly concerned with surface appearances? Just try adding up the amount of television time spent on pushing make-up, hair spray, perfume, hair tonic, hair rinses, fashions, foundations, and the other products under which we seem determined to bury any part of us that's more than skin deep—not to mention the skin itself. Are we obsessed with cleanliness? If you have any doubts, they'll be quickly drowned in the flood of suds spilling out of the commercials for detergents, floor cleaners, soap flakes, shampoos, bath soaps, facial soaps, baby soaps, scented soaps, unscented soaps, hypoallergenic soaps, deodorant soaps.

What's the state of our collective nerves? Evidently, bad enough to support the headache remedies, tension relievers, and sleeping pills that are a staple of television advertising. In fact, we seem positively to enjoy our headaches. After all, two of the funniest commercials ever broadcast have been for Alka Seltzer and Excedrin.

On the other hand, the absence of commercials for certain items offers some indication of what does not particularly concern the mass of Americans. For instance, have you ever stopped to think why one of the few things not advertised on television is books?

But getting back to the question about sex. Just how do we see our attitude as it is bounced back to us through the television tube? Well, in addition to the look-but-don't-touch message, there is the gamesmanship pitch: "A woman can taunt you, tease you . . . should you give her another tactic? Should you give her Ambush [perfume] by Dana?" And, of course, the big television tease of all time was the Noxzema Shave Cream commercial with a sultry blond Swede whispering over her bare shoulder, "Take it off, take it all off." It's all in the double entendre.

On the other hand, there's the sado-masochism of the misogynous message from Silva Thins (cigarettes) in which beautiful women get pushed out of cars or into descending elevators by a slick-looking stud in shades. And then there's the straightforward conquest by virile male of passive female implied in the Black Belt After Shave and Cologne. In that one, a fine figure of a karate expert brings his hand down on a pile of boards or bricks or something equally resistant and, as filmed in slow motion, gracefully, effortlessly—lovingly?—slices right through it.

Sex, then, as projected by the American mind for the American mind (to persuade it to keep the American dollar in motion) is a game, a tease, a test of wiles versus brawn, of ego against ego. Or just plain conquest and submission.

If we can believe what our commercials tell us (and can all those psychologists, sociologists, market researchers, and pollsters be wrong?), the basic attraction that sets this *mano a mano* in motion is not the attraction of one human being for another, but of one product for another. It's really a case of Aqua Velva After Shave falling madly in love with Wind Song Perfume. "I can't seem to forget you," whispers the lithe, luscious man in the Wind Song (by Prince Matchabelli) commercial. "Your Wind Song stays on my mind." "There's something about an Aqua Velva man," croons the kittenish female in a pitch for "the after-shave girls can't forget." Love at first sniff. Indeed, Aqua Velva is presented not merely as the key ingredient of a man's surface charm, but as the definition of the man himself. Use it, advises the commercial, "to bring out the Aqua Velva man in you." Or, the essence is the essence. Essence of Aqua Velva, that is.

Of course, commercials indicate not only that there is a growing male market for cosmetics, but also that there is still considerable resistance among men to using sissy stuff like cologne and hair spray, for fear of calling their masculinity into question. The angst of this particular American dilemma is reflected in reassuring he-man commercials showing one rocky-looking male after another doing a real *man's* work—like running a pile driver or driving a truck—and telling you that he uses hair spray. And if hair spray is manly enough for a two-hundred-pound truck driver, it's manly enough, isn't it? This trans-sexual operation on the image of formerly women-only cosmetics involves christening the products with strong, virile names like Black Belt or Command. Command hair spray and Command Tahitian Lime anti-perspirant are "for men only," an aggressive male voice informs us, adding almost threateningly, "*And I mean for men only.*"

The American romance with superficiality as documented in our commercials does, however, have occasional moments of deeper meaning. As in the ad for Alton Ames men's clothes, in which another of those Swedish sex kittens practically blows in our ears on the subject of her man's (their relationship is naughtily but safely ambiguous) Alton Ames suits, fondling them as she purrs. It's clear that it's the suit she loves, not the man. Indeed, she would probably love any man who put it on (even you, Mr. Average Television Viewer). But at least in this case the relationship is not between two products but between a person and a product.

Flesh-and-blood people lead very precarious lives on television commercials. They are in constant danger of being (Continued on page 182)

CERS, 1970



BY ELAINE KENDALL

"The perfect setting for gracious dining . . . luxurious hand-made and hand-decorated Imperial Fine China and elegant stainless flatware! Now it can be yours! Choose either the lovely Whitney or Seville patterns of Imperial Fine China at the special Collectors' Club price of only $2.95, plus tax."

The Spring Home Furnishing Festival at Macy's? Bargain Day at Bloomingdale's? No, it's a flyer from the Franklin National Bank, a member in good standing of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which entered the housewares field on October 6, 1969. Since then, all Franklin branches have had a table invitingly set for eight in front of the tellers' windows. By Tiffany standards, it's a modest display, but there's room in the spacious lobbies for more lavish arrangements, should the bank decide that selling china and silverware is less risky than lending money.

Although banks have been tempting new depositors with "free gifts" for years, that was always a one-shot operation; and there was no way to prevent a determined opportunist from opening minimal accounts at rival institutions, collecting a stadium blanket here, a bonbon tray there, a Polaroid camera, a watch, or a radio somewhere else, and then, after an indecent interval, quietly withdrawing the money along with whatever interest may have accrued. A really unscrupulous person could tuck away the profits in his new pinseal wallet, turn on the FM, cuddle up under the blanket, and settle down with the family album, buoyed by the delightful feeling that he had gotten the best of the financial establishment.

Presents worked very well to bring customers in, but they didn't do much for building loyalty and wholesome saving habits. There is, in fact, considerable evidence that they had exactly the opposite effect. Banks were left with the problem of how to keep their customers once they had lured them in. The more strenuously they were bribed and wooed, the more fickle and flighty they became. The Chase Manhattan Bank tried promising friendship; but friendship is an intangible matter. You can't get WABC on it, or take it to Shea Stadium.

Another bank appealed to the practical by offering professional expertise (You'll find a banker at Bankers Trust), but by then the public had been hopelessly spoiled. Naturally they expected to find a banker, but what else, what else? Banks began to feel somewhat pressured. By the middle of the 1960's, they were not only supplying the traditional services, but they were increasingly forced by the competition into various wholly alien rôles. Banks functioned as travel agents (Join our Ski Club), indulgent relatives (We'll cover your overdraft up to five hundred dollars), snack bars (coffee and doughnuts for early birds), museums (See our fabulous exhibit of porcelain birds), psychiatrists (Your problem is *our* problem), and some even took occasional flutters in show business (Come in and meet the cast of *Hair*). The atmosphere became so lively, warm, and ambient that it was almost—but not quite—possible to overlook the fact that some of the classical reasons for visiting a bank had gradually ceased to exist.

By the fall of 1969, it was clear that inflation had left people with almost no money to deposit. It was virtually impossible to obtain mortgage financing, and while sympathetic understanding was readily available everywhere, lump sums were not. It was just at that time that the Franklin National Bank decided to diversify. After all, people don't stop shopping when money is scarce, they just stop *banking*. They continue to buy food, clothing, shelter, and furnishings; but it's hard for a bank to cash in on these basic needs unless it wants to put lamb chops and asparagus into the vaults, convert the manager's office into fitting rooms, and turn the coupon-clipping booths into efficiency apartments.

It's only a short, easy step, however, from lending money so that people can purchase what they need to supplying the needs directly—one-stop banking in the truest sense of the phrase. But food is untidy, clothing is faddish, shelter too ambitious. When a bank makes its first tentative foray into a retail business, it wants something dignified, in keeping with the image it has nurtured over the centuries. The item should be easy to store (Franklin dishes come pre-packed in neat little triangles), nonperishable (stainless steel doesn't tarnish), and preferably an article that needn't be tried on. The best thing to sell must not only fulfill these requirements, but should be relatively useless without mates: the more, the better. Most important of all, the purchase price should be sufficiently low so that the customer will have a modest sum (in this case, $25) left to deposit in the bank's coffers at each time of china or flatware purchase. That, after all, is the whole idea.

Once a depositor has collected a china service for eight ($20.65 plus tax in Franklin National Bank, because the first place setting is free), he can begin on flatware (another $20.65 plus tax) and look forward to buying carving sets, chop plates, and the like at similar low prices. "We intend to continue the program until every depositor who has started the plan has had an opportunity to complete his service," promises Franklin. You can, in a manner of speaking, bank on it.

Everyone who has collected flatware and china at Franklin National will naturally be in the market for appropriate glassware. Until now, the obvious place to look would have been housewares departments, but times and promotions change. In some states, you (Continued on page 177)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The incipient threat of polarization. . . . The tranquillizing effect of the disappearance of the words, CAMP, POP, and ABSURD used for kindergartens of thought. . . . The underground television program *Rape* made by John Lennon and Yoko Ono who only mean ravishment by camera and who show their star, Eva Majlata, a pretty Hungarian girl pursued by wild-minded television cameramen, fleeing through a London cemetery. . . . Noël Coward's *Private Lives,* almost forty years old but still funny, full of heart and understanding, now revived on Broadway with Tammy Grimes who looks like a badly cut silhouette in her 'thirties costumes, her voice like a horn in Boston's harbour.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN LONDON . . . The sticky guard at the Hayward Gallery who refused to let the young and extraordinary British painter David Hockney into a preview of the Michael Sandle exhibition because Hockney forgot his invitation; eventually he was passed through after diplomatic negotiations during which Sandle retracted his threat to move out a forty-foot piece that was thirty-four-feet high and Hockney agreed "not to touch the cheese nor drink the wine." . . . *Women in Love,* Ken Russell's movie of the novel by D. H. Lawrence (sometimes called Loinfire Lawrence) with its dialogue swung firmly into modern idiomatic speech but somehow faithful to Lawrence although pared down, his interest in sex still high, and his caricature of the gloriously vain and sometimes tragic Lady Ottoline Morrell played for laughs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The W. S. Merwin cool translations in *Voices* by Antonio Porchia, who died at eighty-two in 1968 in Argentina to which he had emigrated from Italy as a labourer but where he spent much of his life as a carpenter and potter, writing in Spanish such memorable lines as "My father, when he went, made my childhood a gift of half a century." . . . The loopy British rock group The Kinks whose album, *Arthur,* consists of a series of amusing songs, rather like a sung novel, about an English family. . . . A Constitutional Amendment, proposed in Congress to give women equal rights, especially married women who, in certain states, can't go into business for themselves without the approval of a court.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The compelling beauty, the care with which George Braziller published *The Très Riches Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry,* its title a curious mix of French and English, but its illustrations a permanent delight. . . . *Love & Will,* the recent book by Rollo May who analyzes those two words and their ampersand until they almost make no sense, but fortunately May has a core in which he warns against devaluating sex—as though anyone were—and restraining the mind, paraphrasing in the process the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke's: If we throw out our devils, we must be prepared to bid good-bye to our angels as well. . . . The remarkably beautiful Greek-Empire chair, made in Baltimore, Maryland, in the nineteenth century and lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York with a small number of other furniture treasures to the sixteenth annual Winter Antiques Show. . . . The new and disturbing movie *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?,* made from Horace McCoy's brutal novel about marathon dancers in the Depression, a book which only sold about three thousand copies, brought little money to its author, and which, by 1946, had been so forgotten by its publishers, Simon and Schuster, that they had no file copy. . . . The fascinations of the diversity of sculptures in the "Blocked Metaphors" exhibition recently at New York's Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery where, among sculptures by Romare Bearden, Jasper Johns, Andy Warhol, and Saul Steinberg, was one by Bernard A. Pfriem who draped a telephone receiver over a hat block and then connected it to a record with two actresses laughing hysterically.

LORD CLARK OF SALTWOOD AND "CIVILIZATION"

With mock humility and profound erudition, Lord Clark invented what he calls an "intellectual soap opera" for television: his thirteen-part series, *Civilization,* a magnificent traipse through Western Civilization in colour and with music that was written never more than ten years before or after the scene it accompanies. Amusing and deliberate, Lord Clark talks throughout the programs, making small jokes, great generalizations, and entertaining his audiences with scholarly observations. After its run on BBC-TV last year, *Civilization* has been the hot free ticket given out by the Metropolitan Museum of Art and New York University in New York and by the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. By now CBS-TV may have bought it, perhaps to make up for *The Secret Storm.* While in New York recently, Lord Clark received an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree from New York University at a special convocation. A life peer, Kenneth Clark has had a succession of high posts which included Keeper at the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, from which he was graduated, Director of the National Gallery in London, and Surveyor of the King's Pictures. At Saltwood in Kent, where he was photographed for Vogue in front of his castle, he has kept on with his writing, there wrote part of the commentary for *Civilization.* Lord Clark said that the BBC asked him to lunch and while they were eating smoked salmon, someone said the word "civilization," and he immediately felt a call. The BBC expected him to say "no" to another proposition; he said "no" to it but said he would do a series on civilization, which rather put the BBC out. For the next two years he travelled with two producers and a crew photographing art and architecture from the Dark Ages to the Impressionist period, but leaving out Spain, its Moors, and the German Romantics. Almost everything else, however, is on film, marvellous, chatty, a window opened by a man whose mind is an orchard of plums.



PATRICK LICHFIELD





1

JACK ROBINSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

1. Joe Cocker, a British soul shouter, whose ginger Dundrearies hide dimples when he laughs. On his two hit A&M albums, *With a Little Help from My Friends* and *Joe Cocker*, he sounds, wrote one critic, "like some acid-orchestrated tripped-out spade." Onstage his delivery is spastic, arms flailing, eyes shut, his body a frenzied windmill as he grates soul, blues, and Beatles' rock through a lusty North Country slur. For Joe Cocker, Paul McCartney wrote "She Came in Through the Bathroom Window"; George Harrison wrote "Something," pronounced by Joe "Soomthin'." After catching the cosmic buzz of Ray Charles at sixteen and forming—and bombing with—a few rock groups, Joe Cocker is now, at twenty-five, backed by The Grease Band, sliding high.

EWA RUDLING

2. Domenico Gnoli (photographed with his French-Vietnamese wife, Yannick), who paints outsize details from the ordinary world—a plait of hair, a bow tie, a button, a pair of women's shoes (shown here, **3,** "Tie" and "Lady's Shoe," both 1968)—solid but shimmering with a mysterious play of light. A successful stage designer in Switzerland and England at nineteen and later an illustrator in America, recently given his first one-man exhibition in New York by Sidney Janis, Gnoli lives with his quietly beautiful wife, also a painter, on Majorca. Questioned about the apparent eroticism of his work, he said, "I suppose one says more than one intends to say." Looking back on his influences—Balthus, De Chirico, and Magritte—Gnoli said that it was possible "to create a highly disturbing atmosphere without staging absurd situations, letting my eyes be hypnotized with a detail and a way of seeing."

4. Régine, a pyrotechnical impresario whose best act is Régine. An abundant, forthgiving woman whose disco's and nightclubs in France cut notches in history as Maxim's once did, she has been mother hen, entertainer, and chum to who's who from where's where. Now, she sings, has won an award for her album *La fille que je suis,* and has a concert in New York at Carnegie Hall on January 16. Next month, she starts her second film in France. Last month, she sang at the cabaret La Tête de l'Art, pushed the New Twist at Régine's, and married a French music publisher. She is a joyous juggler with a dozen oranges up.

2

3

4

1. Nana Mouskouri, a Greek with loving eyes and nervous hair who keeps her glasses on and skips her own good looks to concentrate on singing folk and pop in six languages to international crowds. She likes to "leave a few secrets in the song," to find them onstage through a delicate give-and-take with her audience. In concert, acting herself ("Why be another girl?"), she condenses ideals—mother, sister, wife. At home, Paris or Geneva, she is the wife of Yorgo Petsilas, who leads her Greek back-up quartet, and the mother of a baby son. Nana Mouskouri's strong, well-trained voice has a breathy, woolly warmth on the softer tones; her hands, an Oriental eloquence.

2. Keith Emerson, centre, and The Nice (Lee Jackson, left, and Brian Davison, right, the English trio he formed to jazz improvisations of pop and classic music, mix Bach and Dylan, Sibelius and Brubeck in a splendid patchwork. Emerson, twenty-five and Rossetti-esque with pale-brown hair and paler blue eyes, has a 'fifties appreciation of the virtuosity of the jazz musician. "I like to take the simplest folk tune and test out its possibilities." *Ars Longa, Vita Brevis*, The Nice's most complicated album, is a meeting place for all the musical ideas that have influenced the group. Emerson's experiments with piano and organ now allow him to monkey with Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, linking it with Dylan's "Country Pie." To get the kind of booming feedback he wants, 126-pound Emerson heaves the 250-pound electric organ toward the amplifiers.

3. Fabulous writing table (detail) used by the French King Louis XV at

1

PATRICK LICHFIELD

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

2

Versailles. Part of the glory of this red-and-gold lacquer desk are the delicate and entrancing *chinoiserie* scenes, showing a couple in a pavilion, a man with an umbrella riding along, several passersby, and drooping trees, their curves duplicated in the magnificent ornaments of bronze doré. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman, it stands in the eighteenth-century room from the Hôtel de Varengeville which they gave to The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

4. Tina Turner, fierce, hair flung wild with the beat, throat rope-knotted with the strain, feet keeping pace, who slams out hard-edged song. Backed by her husband, Ike, three Ikettes, and a band, she stops during her version of "Respect" to rap with the audience about the pain of being a woman. Her look, her stance, her clothes, even her name ("a jungle name," Ike said) have been put together by her husband, who has been known to growl his criticism out during a performance. At thirty, Tina (Ike and Tina have been an act for ten years) has gutsy appeal for both the audience and other rock musicians. A stomping success in England after an appearance with The Rolling Stones in 1966, Tina gained her own here last year—again on the same bill with Mick Jagger. Funky and beautiful, filled with husky laughter, Tina delivers.



JACK ROBINSON

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE IN HAWAII



Hawaii –dusk is soft,
dawn transparent,
the volcanoes
like nothing on earth,
and the islands,
a paradise progression

BY JILL WELDON

You don't move to Hawaii, you defect. It doesn't happen all at once; there are preconceptions to be dealt with. At Waikiki Beach, the man-made, beachfront training ground of surfers, the shoreline has barnacled into a solid wall of concrete. Skyscraper hotels, high-risers renting at high rates, eat their way along the beach's end into the lovely cratered promontory that was Honolulu's pride. But Honolulu is not a resort. It is a commercial city, the most expensive in the United States. It is a port town, a naval base, a recreation and rest centre for the Pacific fleet. This inescapable circle of busyness is not quite hell: Orchids tied to the antennae mark the cars in parking lots and, with temperatures that never exceed 88 degrees or drop below 56 degrees, the city's life is led outdoors.

Continuing from Honolulu around the island of Oahu are transparent enclaves such as Hanauma Bay and the twenty-foot-wave beaches of the north shore, elimination territory for the champion surfers. But Oahu is still far from paradise—yet not so far if you board Aloha Airlines or Hawaiian Airlines and make the slow discovery of the Neighbor Islands.

America's fiftieth state consists of eight major islands and 114 minor islands. Of these, the eight largest are generally referred to as Hawaii, though four are seldom visited: Niihau, because it is privately owned by a Scots family Robinson that for one hundred years has maintained a unique, feudal, almost supranational situation, choosing to isolate their 285 islanders; Kahoolawe, as the military has appropriated it for target practice; Lanai, because it is devoted to grow- (Continued on page 178)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN HAWAII

Like birds of passage, the Beautiful People alight in Hawaii—drawn by the sun and surf, fishing and sailing, golf and tennis, or by the endlessly explorable beauties of the islands: cloud-plumed mountains, ferny green forests, waterfalls wreathed in mists and rainbows, towering cliffs and small, secluded coves. . . . Here, picnicking in a lava cove near the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel—on the Big Island, Hawaii itself—are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lionel Warner, of Santa Barbara. Like many Californians, the Warners think of Hawaii with a special intimacy, as a delightful extension of their front lawn; they go for the tropic ambience, the uncluttered beaches, the totally relaxed life. . . . At home, their lives are busy, centred around their three children, and around the arts. Mr. Warner is an architect. Mrs. Warner—tall and freckled, with long, gleaming dark hair that she does herself—is the daughter of Robert A. Rowan, the moving spirit of the new Pasadena Art Museum. She paints, decorates, collects (antique objects, contemporary furniture) . . . is now planning, with her husband, their next house in Montecito: a cubed tower springing from a sunken reservoir.

MR. AND MRS. JACK LIONEL WARNER

ALEXIS WALDECK

Princess Ira Fürstenberg, *right*, wreathed in flowers and smiles, on the Kahala Hilton beach... wearing apricot cotton bikini pants, shell-trimmed bra, tie-on skirt. By Baba Kea-Honolulu. *Far right:* on the Kahala Hilton terrace, the Duc and Duchesse de Crussol d'Uzès. He wears cotton pants in orange, yellow, green; from Surf Line, Hawaii. The blond, American-born Duchess ties a lavender-and-white cotton skirt sideways like a pareu. Matching bikini pants and bra. From Nalii, Honolulu.

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG

MR. AND MRS. JOHN CARL WARNECKE

Mr. and Mrs. John Carl Warnecke, an attractive, fast-moving couple, visit Hawaii four or five times a year, with delight. Mr. Warnecke—a former Stanford football star—is the architect of the Hawaiian State Capitol in Honolulu; his firm has offices there as well as in San Francisco, New York, and Washington.... Mrs. Warnecke, tall, slender, with brown hair and dark-blue eyes, is the daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. George F. Kennan. She grew up in five or six different European capitals, speaks and translates Russian, and has worked as a research analyst for MIT's Center for International Studies. ...Here, on a breeze-swept lawn near the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, Mrs. Warnecke wears her own pink-and-white checked gingham dress from Jax.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN HAWAII



DUC AND
DUCHESSE DE
CRUSSOL D'UZÈS

ALEXIS WALDECK

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN HAWAII

GERALDINE CHAPLIN

Elfin, enchanting, Geraldine Chaplin is one of the stars of *The Hawaiians.* In this epic movie, based on the second half of James Michener's massive novel, *Hawaii,* Geraldine's juicy rôle involves aging thirty years in the course of the picture, changing from an adoring young bride to a *distraite,* withdrawn woman. . . . Here, at Kauai, looking cheerfully with-it, Geraldine in two quick little shirtdresses, a plunge-y bikini. *Far left,* blue-and-white striped cotton knit shirtdress banded in white. Calderon belt. Battani sandals. *Near left,* a beige cotton knit T-dress, buttoned at neck and wrists. Belt by Elegant. Both dresses by M. Ferreras for Jones, New York; worn with Halston caps. Each about $16. At Best & Co.; Sanger-Harris. *Right,* a black bikini with a twine of bright tapes and the lowest U-neck since the missionaries landed; made with Anim/8, a new stretch fibre with amazing spring-back capability. Deanna Littell.

ALEXIS WALDECK

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN HAWAII

On the Eden-like island of Kauai, a beguiling serpent—Tina Chen, a young Chinese beauty who was Arlo Guthrie's girl friend in *Alice's Restaurant*. Her next movie: *The Hawaiians*, based on James Michener's book, *Hawaii*. Tina comes from a distinguished Nationalist Chinese family; one grandfather was Premier of the Kuomintang; an uncle was Vice-President under Chiang Kai-Shek. In the U.S., she took a degree in premedical studies at the University of Hartford, later worked at the New York Blood Center.... *Right*, Tina in a fling of black poncho, miles of fringe. By Jon Haggins for Glentex, of Enkalure nylon jersey; about $36. Lord & Taylor; Halle's, Cleveland. *Far right*, a leopardy slink of bathing suit, zip front. Donald Brooks for Sinclair; Du Pont stretch nylon, print by Hannett, Morrow, Fischer. About $45. End of February, Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

TINA CHEN

ALEXIS WALDECK



Sun clothes in new directions– island-looks for everywhere, all in U.S. fabrics. Shining here– black vinyl, ruffled flowers, on Jean Shrimpton in Hawaii

Bright, shiny, newsy, fashions for sun now and later, all photographed in what must be the dreamiest of the U. States—Hawaii. A state of islands—Oahu, the main one, with its Neighbor Islands strung out around it for a stretch of 1600 miles. Some islands sway, some swing, each has its own fascinations—the lava flowing on Hawaii, known as the Big Island; the thousand waterfalls of Kauai; the solitude of Molokai at sunset; the nightlights of Honolulu on Oahu; these for starters. To arrive at, perhaps, via United Airlines who can land you at Honolulu, nonstop from New York, or at Hilo on the Big Island, from which a short hop gets you to Kona—the marvellous black beach whose volcanic rocks are crunching right into these words.... Black beach, black vinyl, this page: pants and a chopped top with hood—shining on the Shrimp, at the Kona coast of Hawaii. Turnout: Jacques Tiffeau; about $145. At Best & Co.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sanger-Harris. Belt: Elegant. Flower flutter, opposite: a long beach coat of flame-and-white print with a deep ruffled hem. Cotton coat with matching bikini by Oscar de La Renta Swimwear. Coat about $50, bikini about $22. At Best & Co.; Burdine's; Sakowitz. Sunny gloss for an island face—Bronze Whip, one of Yardley's blush colours called Cellophanes. All the coiffures, these twenty-four pages, by Suga. The Hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

DAVID BAILEY



The bikini life in Hawaii

The Shrimp out of water, left, warms up in a fluffy white knitted tunic that closes briefly at the bosom, opens to show a stretch of midriff and tiny bikini pants...on the paradisiac beach of Kauai—an island that's all garden. Tunic-sweater by Evan-Picone, of angora, lamb's wool, and nylon: $25. At Best & Co. Patchwork-print bikini, right, to enliven the placid sands of Kauai. Adding another blast of colour—a beaded medallion strung from a chain. Bikini by Florence Eiseman, of Helanca stretch nylon; about $26. At Bonwit Teller. Medallion: The Phoenix.

DAVID BAILEY





Sand-length sweater, patchwork leotard, in Hawaii

Long and sleeveless, left, a bikini-cover of navy knit buttoned all the way. The bikini it almost covers, same navy knit. Worn by the Shrimp at black-rock Kona where fishing is fine, surf courteous, and small flights land after connecting with big-flight United Airlines —either at Hilo on the opposite side of Hawaii, or at Honolulu on Oahu. Beach turnout by Cole of California, of Orlon (Alamac fabric). Robe, about $30; bikini, about $20. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Shillito's; Nordstrom Best; Liberty House, Honolulu. Swimming with sleeves, right, a leotard of patchwork print, zipped up the front. By Donald Brooks for Sinclair, of Touch nylon jersey (Soptra fabric); about $40. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Gus Mayer; J.W. Robinson. Both pages: pendant from The Phoenix.

DAVID BAILEY





Wrapped in reptiles– the Shrimp and Penelope Tree in Hawaii



Snake-green pants and scarf, far left, wrapped around a Tree on Kauai. Printed Ban-Lon costume by Scott Barrie, of nylon (S. Edward fabric). Pants, $28; scarf, $12. At Best & Co. Leather thong, by Bruce Rudow. Fringed snake, left—printed shawl and long sarong in Shrimp-pink and brown. Oscar de La Renta Boutique; Antron nylon (Loomskill fabric); about $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Sanger-Harris. Tortoise print, above, rust with yellow—bare-midriff top, bikini pants, long sarong. Ban-Lon turnout by Ginori, of nylon (Gilbert Frank fabric); about $65. Best & Co.; Harzfeld's. Leather thong choker with square medallion: Bruce Rudow. Snake toga, below, tied over a tiny bodice, bikini pants. Printed Ban-Lon turnout by Ginori, in brown-to-beige nylon (Gilbert Frank fabric); about $65. Best & Co.; Harzfeld's.



DAVID BAILEY



Short white piqué, long white piqué, with swinging sleeves and flings of fringe– from Hawaii

Sleeve-length kimono, far left, on another Tree in the forest —white cotton piqué wrapped in a fringed sash. By Malia, Honolulu; about $30. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Donaldson's; Bullock's-Wilshire; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. Sash by Elegant. Long boots by Battani. White piqué jumpsuit, left, with long flaring sleeves, long fringed sash. By Kahala, Hawaii; of cotton; about $25. At Altman's; Rich's; Hudson's; Liberty House, Honolulu. Sash by Elegant. Boots: Herbert Levine, to order at Bonwit Teller. Long dress, long sleeves, above right, white piqué with small gilt buttons and rickrack all the way down the front. By Bete Collection, Honolulu; of cotton; about $45. At Best & Co.; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. Long dress, short sleeves, right, white piqué with rows of eyelet embroidery, tiny buttons. By Malama, Hawaii; of Stern & Stern cotton; junior sizes; about $25. At Best & Co.; Hudson's. All coiffures by Suga; hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses. Hairshine by Yardley Londonderry Hair Shiner. . . . All, photographed in the bamboo forest of John Gregg Allerton's ravishing Lawai-Kai gardens, on the island of Kauai.

DAVID BAILEY



Waikikids—in sunny little

Penelope Tree in adorable company—island kids in island clothes. Little dresses with ruffles and bows, jumpsuits, all of bright Hawaiian cottons. Penelope's shirtdress, white cotton with gilt buttons, an oblong sunglasses pocket. By Tori Richard, Honolulu; about $42. At Lord & Taylor; H. & S. Pogue; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. All children's clothes from Nalii, Honolulu; priced about $10 to $12. At Best & Co.; Liberty House, Honolulu. Fringed sash by Elegant

cotton shifts and jumps, all made in Hawaii



Jean Shrimpton with the same kids in the same great Hawaiian clothes—romping, now, on the seven-mile driveway of the Kona Village resort hotel, an enchanting complex of thatched-roof cottages facing the sea. Shrimp dress, white piqué with low neck strung on straps, ruffled hem. By Princess Kaiulani Sportswear, of Seltzer & Diamond cotton; about $18. At Best & Co.; Hudson's,

Hawaiian gypsy, right, a pair of patterns wrapped with the longest sashes—the dress top, white-and-pink checks; the long full skirt, a plaid of pinks and oranges. By Princess Kaiulani Sportswear; about $40. At Best & Co.; Nordstrom Best; Liberty House, Honolulu. Bruce Rudow leather thong. Sashes of purple, red, blue, by Elegant. High-waisted tunic and pants, below, of printed cotton piqué—white flowers twining over brown. Tunic with wide square neck, an elastic band under the bosom to keep the high waist snug. By Sun Fashions of Hawaii, of Cohama fabric; about $30. At Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson; Liberty House, Honolulu. Bikini wrapped in pineapple print, opposite, resting on the riverbank that leads to a dream-beach at Kauai. Wrapped cotton skirt, long and full, tied with a white-fringed sash—black-and-white print, splashed with brown. Black-and-white striped cotton bikini with little string straps. By Baba Kea-Honolulu. Bikini of Wamsutta fabric; about $22. Skirt, about $26. At Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field; Donaldson's; Nordstrom Best.





Print splashed on print– long skirts and pants from Hawaii







5

Little tunics and maillots are swimming in Hawaii

The Shrimp and the Tree at Kauai—swimmer's heaven day and night.... 1. Penelope wears a swimming tunic of white Antron nylon jersey with elastic waist, side slits, bikini pants. By DeWeese; $30. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne. 2. For the Shrimp: a black maillot with halter top, cut down deep at front and sides. Jacques Tiffeau for Catalina, of Du Pont nylon; $26. Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's. 3. Celery-coloured tunic and mini shorts tied around the Tree with a leather thong. By Sandcastle, of Arnel plus nylon jersey; $45. At Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson. Thong by Thomas Robbins. 4. The Tree's in a film—a long-sleeved sheer nylon leotard. Paisley-printed in shades of white. Cole of California; $22. Best & Co.; Higbee's; Hudson's; Stewart's, Louisville. 5. Treed—navy swimming tunic slit over bikini pants. By Leo Narducci for Rose Marie Reid, of Enkalure nylon jersey; $45. Bloomingdale's. 6. The Shrimp at sea in a navy maillot, plunged in front. Ban-Lon suit by Elisabeth Stewart; Du Pont nylon (Fair-Tex fabric); $22. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. Medallion: The Phoenix.

DAVID BAILEY



DAVID BAILEY

Blue pants and flashes of white in Hawaii



The Shrimp saddles up, far left, in blue denim mid-calf pants, long white boots, and a white jersey shirt—all ready to ride across the splurge of rolling green hills on the Dillingham Ranch at Kona. Shirt: Kay Busgang for Alice Stuart, of Arnel and nylon. About $13. Scott Barrie pants of Kodel and cotton (Cone fabric). About $28. Both: Best & Co. Shirt: Hudson's; Burdine's; Foley's. Thomas Robbins pendant. Elegant belt. Battani boots.

Jump on a horse, left: Penelope did on the Dillingham Ranch—in a bright-blue terry cotton jumpsuit laced up in white. Van Lupu for White Stag. About $30. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Burdine's; Liberty House, Honolulu.

The Shrimp in a shrimpy brown shirtdress, left, all pulled together with white—a long fringy white tape around the waist, long white canvas boots. Pat Ashley for Craig Craeley; of Dacron and cotton (Klopman fabric). About $32. Junior sizes. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Foley's. Jean takes a little T, right—a teeny multi-coloured print shirt—and wraps it up in a ed mini-jupe with big pockets, lots of brassy snaps. Both: Vera. Top, of Dacron-and-cotton . Skirt, of cotton knit. About $20 each. Late February at Altman's, N. Y.; Joseph Horne; Levy's, Tucson; Liberty House, Honolulu. A Tree in the blue, far right—Penelope in an azure-blue shirtdress; a violet sash at the waist, and violet knee-boots to stroll through a bamboo forest on Kauai. Melba Hobson for Tannerway, of Monsanto Blue C polyester and rayon (Concord fabric). About $33. Bon wit Teller; Harzfeld's. Medallion: The Phoenix. Both pages: Belts by Elegant. Boots by Battani.

Tiny shirt looks with long sashes, long boots,

long legs – in Hawaii

The shortest days –all wrapped up in Hawaii

Stripes in the forest, left: Jean Shrimpton wears a shirtdress of violet-and-turquoise stripes, a bright-violet fringed sash, bright-violet boots—and really lights her way through the shade of a bamboo forest on Kauai, Hawaii's garden island. Kloss-Pruzan dress, of knitted cotton and polyester (Galey & Lord fabric). About $110. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Boots by Battani. The Shrimp is jumping, right—the smallest navy denim jumpsuit with a quick zip up the front and a long white tape at waist; long white canvas boots. Catalina jump, of cotton. About $18. Best & Co.; Hudson's; Sanger-Harris. Battani boots. Fringe to wrap a Tree, far right—a long white fringy sash tied around a navy-and-white striped mini dress, with long white canvas boots. Sacony dress, of Arnel jersey. About $28. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson; McInerny's, Honolulu. Boots by Delman. On both pages, belts by Elegant.

DAVID BAILEY



VOGUE
PATTERNS

Long languorous evening in Hawaii

VOGUE PATTERN 7630

In a dream-like Rousseau forest on Kauai, Jean Shrimpton wears a silvery jersey dress, far left, plunged to a high drawstring waist and falling softly to the ground. Vogue Pattern 7630. Of Jasco rayon-and-silk jersey. At Winston's, St. Louis. Ring by Pakula. Shimmers of palest beige jersey, left: pants and a bare-midriff top with a length of jersey wrapped around the torso and held on one shoulder. Vogue Pattern 7577 (the wrap was added). Of Celanese acetate and nylon (Wedgwood fabric). At Burdine's; Sakowitz. Bruce Rudow leather thong. Pattern details, page 184.... Both pages photographed at Lawai-Kai, John Gregg Allerton's private Eden on the island of Kauai. More about Hawaii, page 180.

DAVID BAILEY

VOGUE PATTERN 7577

SPLITTING

FRESH APPROACHES TO MIGRAINE AND TENSION HEADACHES

Headaches are only symptoms, never the disease. They are, however, the frequent complaint of many patients. Here, headaches from neuralgia, eyes, arthritis, brain tumours, and other illnesses are not considered, but only those that fall in the categories of migraines, tension, cluster, and chronic recurring headaches. In this country at present, over $300,000,000 is spent on headache remedies without recourse to any doctor. For the most part, aspirin seems the best, although overuse can cause anaemia, affect hearing, and have other disastrous side effects.

Dr. Arnold P. Friedman, Clinical Professor of Neurology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University; Physician-in-Charge, Headache Unit, Division of Neurology at Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center, New York City; and Special Consultant to the National Institute of Nervous Diseases and Stroke on Headaches. Dr. Friedman said: "A Sumerian poem written about 3000 B.C. is perhaps the earliest description of migraine. Although there is agreement that heredity plays an important part in the origin of migraine, there is no unanimous agreement on the causes; theories range from the psychological to inborn chemical defects.

"Migraines fall into these major classifications: Classic, Common, and Cluster. About 80 per cent plus of migraine headaches are classified as common migraine, 10 per cent as classic, and 5 per cent as cluster. During a migraine attack, a severe throbbing headache occurs. The blood vessels in the scalp distend, dilate, and are sensitized by certain chemical substances which are found in the subsurface tissues around these vessels. To help patients with migraine of any kind, it is necessary to treat the whole patient, both physically and psychologically. The migraine headache that continues for weeks and months should not be readily accepted as migraine. Its long persistence suggests that it is caused by underlying anxiety and depression. Few conditions are as unpredictable in their response to treatment as migraine.

"In my experience, the most effective symptomatic treatment is a combination of ergotamine tartrate and caffeine. A sedative or an anti-nauseant may be used to control the associated symptoms that accompany the migraine attack. (The caffeine with the ergot constricts the cranial blood vessels, already dilated, thus reducing the flow of blood.) It is most important that the medication be given early in the course of attack and in adequate dosage. At this time there is no single drug that is completely effective in preventing attacks of migraine. Some patients, however, respond favourably to Sansert (methysergide maleate). The patient must be carefully supervised by the physician as there are side effects from Sansert which only allow treatment with this drug for short periods of time—four to six months.

"The profile of the migrainous patients shows that they believe that excellence is expected. They tend to come from families who take great pride in attainment and adhere to rigid norms of behaviour. If these patients do not produce, they will not get affection and respect from their families. They are perfectionists. They make demands upon themselves and others and they must be in control. They are sensitive and good workers. Among the famous whose migraines are known are Thomas Jefferson, General Grant, Freud, Lewis Carroll, and Virginia Woolf. (Not all migrainous patients fall into this profile, and not all who fall into this profile are migrainous.) To help these patients, it is best to get them to reduce their drives, to lessen their loads. They draw on capital in their energy banks until they are bankrupt; they should draw only the interest in their energy banks.

"Tension headaches, i.e., muscle-contraction headaches, have different symptoms from those of migraine. The tension patients develop a tightening of the neck and scalp muscles with a sensation of pressure encircling the head like a hatband or localizing near the face. Muscle-contraction headache comes without the warning symptoms or signs that may be part of the symptoms of migraine. Unlike migraine, a family history of chronic headache is not common. The pain can be mild or more severe than some dangerous headaches.

"Those patients who get tension headaches, i.e., muscle contraction, may have personality traits similar to the migraine patient. They are apt to be highly competitive, rigid, approach problems intellectually rather than emotionally, and have unresolved hostilities, if not undischarged anger. Usually the tension headache comes from their life situation—a woman frustrated by the confines of her house, her husband, and her children; a waiter who had to be polite beyond endurance; a lawyer whose headaches developed on Sunday because he feared court appearances on Monday.

"For such patients medication to help prevent attacks might be a tranquillizer (Valium, Librium, Miltown) or a muscle relaxant. For an attack of headache, aspirin plus a tranquillizer or a sedative is the most effective treatment. The best way to avoid tension headaches or migraine is not through chemistry but through changing life situations, by setting realistic goals, by getting rid of hostilities.

HEADACHES

BY ALLENE TALMEY

"Headache is important because it can be the symptom —perhaps the first warning—of a serious condition which probably could be controlled if detected early. Some of the headaches that are alarm signals for prompt and thorough medical check-up include: headaches associated with fever, convulsion, accompanied by confusion, or lessening of consciousness, following a blow on the head, associated with local pain in the eye, ear, or elsewhere, headache beginning in the older person with no history of headache, headache recurring in children, and headache always in the same location."

Dr. John R. Graham, head of the Headache Research Foundation at Faulkner Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts, is probing into cluster headaches, a form of migraine. "Of all headaches, cluster headache seems to me to be the most distressing to the patient, the most spectacular to the observer, and the most challenging to the therapist and investigator. The attack starts and stops abruptly, lasts a relatively short time but may recur several times a day or night, usually involving the region of one eye and temple but may include pain in the teeth, jaws, ear, and other areas overlying the vertebral and common carotid arteries in the neck. The eyes may tear and the nose run. The blood vessels are frequently dilated and tender on the side of the headache at the time of attack. Marked sensitivity of the skin in the afflicted area may outlast the headache for hours. The sufferer is restless.

"The cluster headaches have a tendency to occur when there is a let down in the usual pace—after examinations, at the beginning of a holiday. They may also break into long stretches in order to create a slowdown in the body. These headaches may occur on the same side or may change sides, but they rarely are on both sides at once. They may last for a few days or months or years.

"One of the problems about this kind of headache centres around this disputed question: Is cluster a form of migraine? One classification of headache includes cluster under migraine. Another leaves the relationship to migraine somewhat in doubt. Some consider it a completely separate entity. If there is a real relation between the two, then information acquired about one may be applied to the other.

"In our experience, a number of patients with classic migraine have their attacks not in any regular span of time but rather in what might be called flurries, or small clusters or groupings of three or four attacks within a few days with long and variable intervals between, not unlike the cluster pattern. Alcohol, histamine, and nitro-glycerine commonly will produce a migraine attack as they will produce cluster headache.

"Although there are numerous instances of cluster headache patients in whom we find no family history of blood vessel headache, we have over the years found that this is far from the rule. We have a growing impression that patients with migraine and cluster headaches have a history of such headaches in their families. One family is of particular interest in that the mother had migraine, the father cluster headache, the daughter had both, and the son had migraine in typical clusters.

"The differences between cluster headache and varieties of migraine are matters of timing and intensity. The physical and physiological phenomena, the reactions to drugs, the relationship to life situations, the location, the triggers are all the same. The areas of difference which at first sight seemed so black—family history, the premonitory symptoms, the sharp clustering, the complete remissions—all begin to fade into grey.

"If you compress into *one hour* all the pain, tearing, nasal blocking, and vascular dilation of a common migraine attack, you will create a cluster headache. If you compress each individual attack of migraine into a one-hour, terrible headache, packing all those headaches that occur in a year into one month, you will understand a typical cluster of cluster headaches.

"Fewer women than men have cluster headaches. A composite portrait of the cluster-headache patient will be one of rugged, aggressive masculinity. Sturdy, muscular, a good athlete, harder-drinking, harder-smoking, and even more red-blooded male than other men. About 25 per cent have had peptic ulcer. It is our impression and that of some others that these patients are more subject to coronary disease. Sixteen out of twenty-three patients whose blood lipids were examined showed patterns consistent with increased risk of coronary thrombosis.

"What makes the cluster men susceptible to cluster headaches? These patients are ambitious, hard working, and have a strong sense of wanting to rise on the social scale. They push until they break down with symptoms, or they reach the goal and drop exhausted into a batch of headaches. Behind their excessively manly fronts lies great dependency. They are led to the doctors' offices by their wives who take the prescriptions, call in the reports, and make the appointments. These patients show a massive reluctance to divulge to outsiders, including their doctors, disturbing and power- (Continued on page 179)





THE BAND... THE BEST?

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

It is possible—if such things matter in the first place—that The Band is the closest thing to a perfect rock group we have. There is an internal harmony in all the elements of its music, a subdued slithery elegance that is difficult to carry off under any circumstances but nearly impossible when you're supposed to be the quintessential backwoods bards with buckskin lungs and sex on the brain.

Ah, but The Band carries it off by combining such neighbourly virtues as brevity, modesty, and a few good tidings from a certain Mr. Dylan. That timely alliance (allegedly stemming from Bob Dylan's touring days) is what shoved The Band into the stratosphere before anyone had really let its music sink in. But the performers are substantial enough to have made it on their own, though it might have taken longer without the coattails.

What matters most about The Band's music is what it never tries to be. A Band song is based on simple open progressions, embellished but never dominated by rhythms or riffs, and given added tension through a sparing use of dissonance. Deft is the word for it. Vocals are delivered in a high lonesome whine, which can sound either naïve or desperate, depending on what the song has to say. Instrumental solos are infrequent, and when they occur, seldom stray from the basic melody line or last longer than a single bridge. The corrupt individualism of acid rock—which has come to resemble electronic drooling—is soundly repudiated when Garth Hudson refuses to flay his organ to prove how good he is. And Robbie Robertson just stands over his audience, in a cagy half-bow, as though he were waiting for a bus.

This restraint is a key reason for The Band's success. With our current distrust of flamboyance (unless it is sacred or criminal), The Band's precise cool helps distinguish it as a group destined to transcend its hype. Each set moves like a well-oiled machine, and so faithfully do the musicians recreate their recorded sound, that one West Coast partisan torpedoed The Band with the ultimate rock obscenity. "Now play the other side," he yelled.

But that was before the group's ascendance, and today most unpaid critics would sooner hold their tongues than accuse The Band of lacking flash. For that is what we love most about them. If you see them from the back of a large auditorium, they resemble a yellowed lithograph. There is something eternal (i.e., pre-television) about their presence and their sound. You couldn't call it folk or country or even rock music, but what makes it succeed as pop is the way it manages to suggest a strict adherence to a tradition that never was.

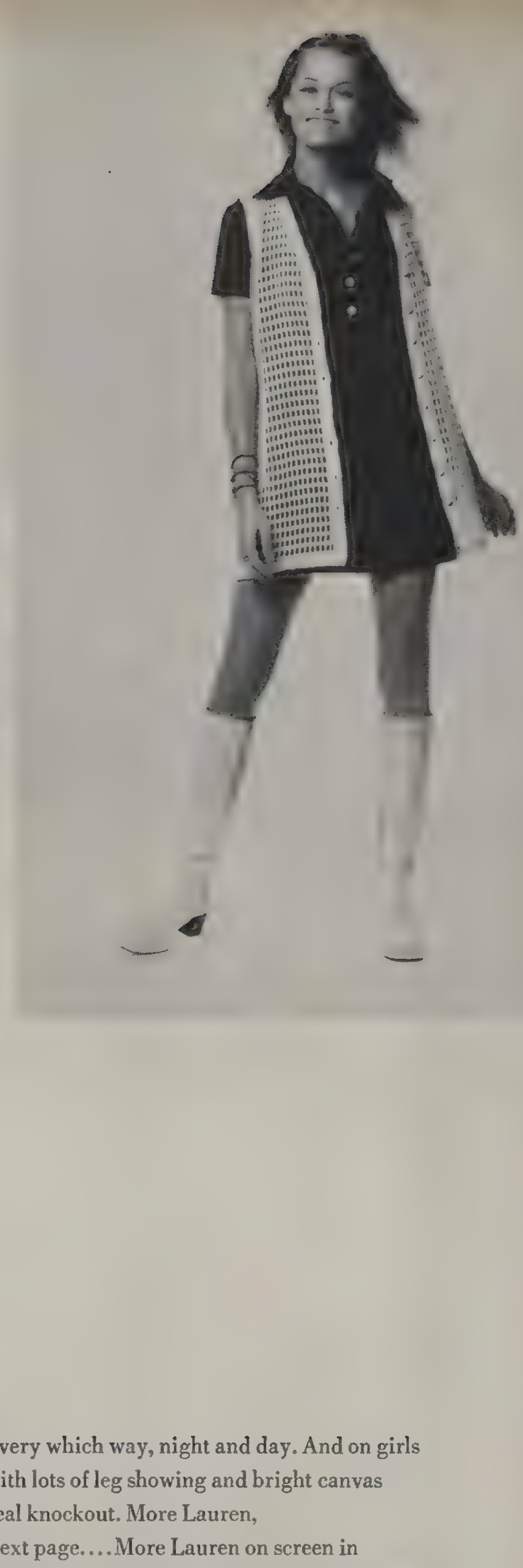
The Band creates its own past and then sticks to it. *Time*, which is sometimes eager to mistake nostalgia for reverence, thinks The Band's music is an American "epic." Of course it is, like Cecil B. DeMille's Biblical vision, or the war in Viet Nam. But what is most American about The Band is not its visible roots, but its ability to make the past work for the present.

THE BAND, FIVE WHO THINK—AND PLAY—AS ONE

Country boys from country towns who listened to *Grand Ole Opry* on the radio and formed their own bands in high school (one was called The Jungle Bush Beaters), all five of The Band once played with Rompin Ronnie Hawkins, Canada's rockabilly king, before they toured with Bob Dylan. Levon Helm, the drummer (far left), is from Arkansas; organist Garth Hudson (top) and (left to right) pianist Richard Manuel, bass guitarist Rick Danko, lead guitarist Jaime (Robbie) Robertson are Canadians. They all sing and trade instruments onstage until each seems to play everything. Nearly ten years of playing together, six on the road in rural America, put a high polish on these big-time rubes.

AVEDON





Lauren Hutton—hooked on crochet

Crochet, we love it—every which way, night and day. And on girls like Lauren Hutton, with lots of leg showing and bright canvas boots to the knee—a real knockout. More Lauren, more crochet, on the next page....More Lauren on screen in *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* and *The Wine and The Music* after that.

Little bit of pumpkin, left—a teeny tiny Empire dress of pumpkin-coloured wool with open-work crochet from the waist up and all around the hem. Adolfo. About $175. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Give a girl enough string, above—and what she's got is a stringy cotton-crochet coat that's just terrific over a brown shirtdress. By Vicky Vaughn. Junior sizes. Dress, of Courtaulds fibro rayon knit (Charter Fabric). Turnout, about $28. At Bloomingdale's; Strawbridge & Clothier; May D&F.

What news of the shirtdress?—here it is for 1970, right, all holed up in white crochet and laced and wrapped with narrow, knotted leather thongs. By Boepple Sportswear, of Orlon. About $15. At Arnold Constable; Hutzler's.

All boots by Battani. All coiffures by Stephen of Vidal Sassoon.

PENATI



hooked on crochet

Lauren Hutton's caught in a web of blue crochet, left: a long plunge-y tunic with gossamer edges—very very light and narrow over matching pants. By Wayne Rogers for Knitty Gritty, of rayon. Each, about $36. Late January, Bonwit Teller; Adrien 'n Emilie, Salt Lake City; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. Coiffure: Stephen of Vidal Sassoon.

Big airy loops of yellow crochet, right, and lots of open spaces—the brightest little mini with the fullest sleeves and highest waist, all tied in shiny yellow ribbon. To wear as Lauren does here, with chrome-yellow canvas boots to the knee. And with pure yellow right under the eyebrow and a golden glow to the skin—a little gilding from Coty Originals: Sheer Sunshine eye shadow; Shades of the Sun Body Make-up, in Golden Tan, gleaming all over. Richard Tam dress, of wool. At Best & Co.; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Battani boots. Coiffure by Phillip of Vidal Sassoon.



JACQUES BACHMANN

MOROCCAN WAKE-UP

MR. AND MRS. PAUL GETTY, JUNIOR, HAVE SHAKEN TO LIFE A DESERTED HOUSE IN MARRAKECH, MADE IT IMAGINATIVE, RARE – WITH A LITTLE MYSTERY



PATRICK LICHFIELD

"This house is really a stage," Talitha Getty said of the nineteenth-century ramble of rooms, courtyards, and terraces that she and her husband came upon on their honeymoon about four years ago and bought: "Things happen here spontaneously." The spontaneity of this holiday house for the Gettys, who live most of the year in Rome and London, depends on their care as they gradually, joyfully restore its old graces, its harems and friezes, and add treasures of their travels.

Above: On the terrace overlooking the souks, the towering Koutoubia, and the snowy Atlas Mountains, Paul and Talitha Getty, wearing Moroccan caftans.

Left: The Riad, or main courtyard, its fountain floating flowers, its paths glistening with tiles specially made for the Gettys, and with the flare of lanterns: "We light the house with a hundred candles and lanterns," said Mrs. Getty, who lights this house, too, with a continuum of friends.

THE GETTYS

Orangewood burning, breath of roses, mint, and spices; susurrus of leaves and fountains; music of Strauss, Wagner, The Beatles; blaze of canary-coloured walls, brass tables, flicker flame shadows; inlaid ceilings; tiles glazed acid green, eggplant, and mauve; cushions embroidered a century ago by Christian slaves in Essaouira—this house in Marrakesh is a house for the senses.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Getty, junior, would have it no other way. Between them they have kaleidoscopic talents, interests, and caches of erudition. Paul Getty, junior, who works in public relations for Getty Oil, steeps himself in music and literature. He has seen to the recordings of such rarely heard music as Mozart's opera *Il Re Pastore* or the poetry of Christopher Logue. He cares (Continued on next pages)

Above right: Mrs. Paul Getty, junior, in a wide hat worn by Marrakesh farm women; her handful of snake rings from Bangkok and Bali. Above: New green-glazed tiles reflect greenery. Right: In the dining room, with its arched tiled fireplace, a Turkish porcelain chandelier hangs from a ceiling painted like the doors. Opposite: The old harem with its central fountain and a brass brazier burning sandalwood.







THE GETTYS

(Continued) for books and for the old, intricate crafts of their bindings. Possibly one of the least surprising things about the young Gettys is that their small son is named Tara Gabriel Galaxy Gramophone Getty (called Tara by his mother and Gramophone by his father because "he screeches a lot").

Talitha Getty, molasses-blond, with an almost Oriental dark and secret glance, was born in Bali to Dutch parents, raised in Indonesia and Holland, and in England in the extraordinary, vital family sphere of Augustus John whose daughter Poppet became her stepmother. Talitha loves to dance and studied acting in London. She soaks up travel and, with her husband, roots through the East especially, bringing back curiosities and wonders for their houses. In Marrakesh, Talitha Getty said, "We need a thousand more cushions," and supplied some from Katmandu, New Delhi, Bali and Bangkok.

During their brief Moroccan vacations the Gettys' house comes sensuously alive. "Never fewer than fifteen or twenty for dinner, and never dinner served twice in the same place," said (Continued on page 179)

This page: Mrs. Getty, enchanting and not at all trapped, behind one of the original iron grilles of the Palais de la Zahia. Opposite left: The large salon, with cushions—the mirrored ones from India—under a ceiling painted in the nineteenth century. Right, from the top: Luncheon in an arbour heaped with sail-cloth-covered cushions; canopied bed in a filigreed bedroom; Mr. and Mrs. Getty on the raised walks of a jungly patio.

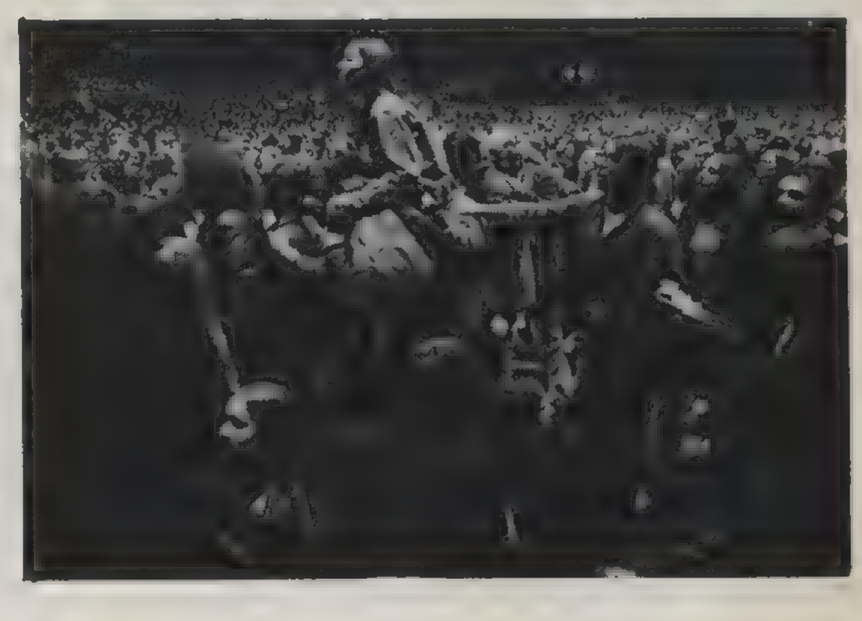
VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



1

They all came to see Mick and the Stones and got a sensational show—the anticipation, the ambience, the crowd itself—and Mick Jagger, the spectacular performer. . . .



1. For two evenings and a matinee, Mick Jagger and the Stones packed Madison Square Garden. And when Mick finally came on he was sensational—terrifically turned out, too—in slinky black matte shirt with white Omega appliqué, shiny skin-tight ciré pants buttoned down in chrome, belt bristling with silver studs, dog collar of silver discs—and a long flowing scarf of fuchsia-pink sateen—whoof! . . . . . *And they got a big extra—Ike and Tina Turner!*

2. Ike Turner's band, with Tina belting it out, dancing with, and backed by the Ikettes—three pretty girls who are spectacular dancers—are enough to fill the house. They preceded the Stones at a lot of their performances. And a week before the Stones hit New York, Ike and Tina shook up the Felt Forum. . . .

2


3

STEPHEN PALEY

When Ike and Tina Turner and the Ikettes perform it's a thomping, stomping sensational show—and a flash of a fashion show too. . . .

3. and **4.** Tina knows all there is to know about how short is a short skirt—how low is a low neckline. This black matte jersey shift was made by her Los Angeles dressmaker Dorothy Morgan. . . . **5.** and **6.** Tina and the Ikettes in action, ablaze in sequin shifts made by Dorothy Morgan. . . . **2.** The Ikettes in saffron matte jersey, Tina in gold-and-silver fringe from Lori Lazaar's boutique on the Champs-Elysées, Paris—her white satin slippers from San Francisco's Joseph Magnin. . . .


4


5


6


7

Janis Joplin came to hear the Stones—got up and joined in singing with Tina, wearing her white fur tea cosy hat. . . .

JACK ROBINSON



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE



1

BERRY BERENSON

Stones and string—

nice, homely, simple stuff—and it's what some of the most modern, attractive fashion is made with—looks great on sun-dusted skin in hot, sultry, luxuriously lazy places. . . . **1.** It was in St.-Tropez that Marisa Berenson found her headband—made of knotted sailor's rope, set with sun-bleached, sea-smoothed, local pebbles. $16. At Madame de C in St.-Tropez. . . . **2.** It's on the Isle of Capri that they wear these crochet-work shawls, made of Bordeaux-colour string. From Uama Sport, Piazza Carita 3, Naples. . . . **3.** Seen in Capri, too, terrific long sack bags of string-coloured cord. And necklaces of wooden blocks and beads, of mother-of-pearl stones. All from Uama Sport, Piazza Carita 3, Naples, Italy. . . .

continued



2

ELISABETTA CATALANO

3


4


7

BERGSTROM

4. Claudine Auger, in a leather-tied weskit, a skull cap of yellow crochet string, a mélange of Indian cotton skirts. From Uama Sport, Piazza Carita 3, Naples. . . . **5.** Even the girls in St.-Tropez who love the bare-breasted look like to wear a necklace of leather strands set with stones. . . . **6.** Actor Jurgen Osterloh wears his stones and knotted string "jewels" with a Tunisian wedding shirt. . . . **7.** Gobs of glorious necklaces, of amber, agate, enamelled stones, silver. At Pedro's Boutique, Costa Smeralda, Sardinia. . . . **8.** Marisa Berenson wraps her sun-kissed middle with a belt of knotted rope centred with stones. $30. At Madame de C in St.-Tropez. . . .


5

MARY RUSSELL


6


8

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

Kitty in her dress-ups

Kitty Russell—like all little girls—likes to dress up in her mother's clothes, and she looks so devastatingly feminine, attractive in them . . . and Kitty's pretty mother took these pictures. . . .


1

CATERINE MILINAIRE


2

1. Kitty (in an everyday dress) with her mother, Mary Russell (in Saint Laurent's classic poplin pullover, *the* belt from Morocco sold at La Bagagerie in Paris)....
2. Kitty in mother's Indian cotton dress—the top embroidered in mirrors, the skirt all patterned in colour. From the Sona boutique, 400 Rue St. Honoré, Paris. Also at Sona boutique here, 11 E. 55th St. . . . **3.** Kitty's dress of African cotton is really one of mother's tunic shifts. From the Brasilia boutique in Geneva, Switzerland. . . . **4.** Kitty's midi dress is another of mother's Indian print cotton tunics. It, and the long silk print head scarf, from Sona in Paris. Also at Sona here, 11 E. 55th St. . . . **5.** In the summer Kitty goes to St.-Tropez, where she likes to wear her mother's transparent silk embroidered batiste shirt from Cacharel. . . .

Continued


3

MARY RUSSELL


4


5

ENTICERS, IN BANKS

(Continued from page 119)

can now purchase "beautiful amber glasses" at your nearest participating Mobil Oil station, filling in each time you fill up. (In some regions, the Shell Oil Company *gives* away a glass with every eight gallons, but that's a slower process, and not really part of the new trend.) Oil companies, even more than banks, have always been faced with the question of how to build customer loyalty to a product that can't be tasted, worn, displayed, or drunk—a product that simply gurgles into the tank without ever being seen, let alone paying interest. For years, the incidence of ulcers among admen with gasoline accounts has been somewhat higher than among the luckier fellows who think up slogans for cosmetics, food, cars, and other commodities with visible differences.

Even before the current brouhaha over air pollution, gasoline presented a special marketing challenge. It's not sexy, not tasty, not pretty, and it confers no status upon the user. Polite station attendants helped. Clean rest rooms were an asset. Credit cards were a tremendous boon—until every company had them. Mileage contests on television contributed—but ineffably. As traffic conditions deteriorated, it became impossible to prove these claims. No matter what was in the tank, cars just stood still.

THE GAS WARS WERE PROBABLY THE MOST EFFECTIVE PROMOTION EVER DEVISED; but gas wars were costly, and there were always casualties—stations that simply couldn't slash prices low enough. Once peace was declared, people lazily forgot the noble sacrifices that had been made and drifted back into their old habits of stopping for gas whenever and wherever the needle read "E."

When they were first introduced, trading stamps created a tenuous bond between dealer and customer, but nothing like the monogamous devotion to a single brand that the oil companies wanted.

For three golden years, from 1966 to 1969, the gas stations ran casinos—lucky coins, cards, and bingo-like games; but a heartless Federal Trade Commission decided in August, 1969 to institute regulations on such operations. Several volumes of testimony proved that the odds against the average motorist's winning much more than six cents hovered around a million to one. It had been fun while it lasted—the overflowing glove compartments, the indelible black ink on the children's fingers, the tokens that sometimes fooled an automatic toll basket.

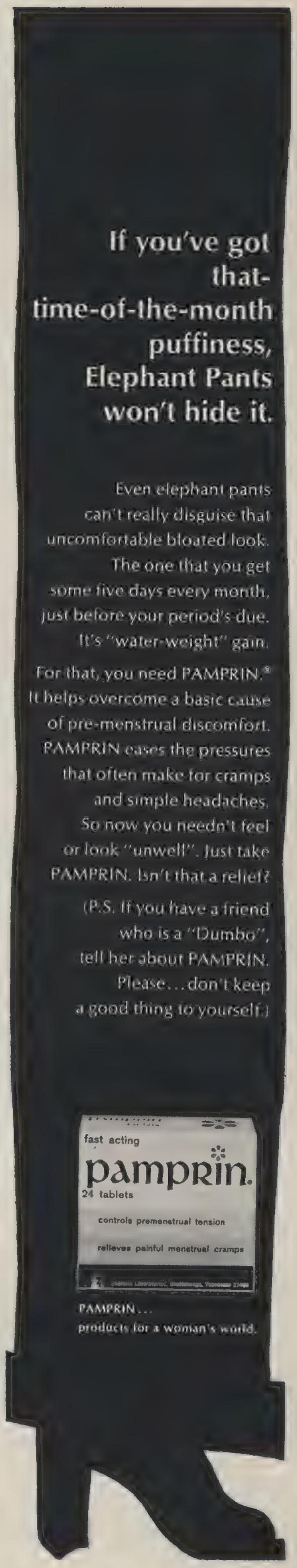
There was always the very real chance that you, too, might find a foolproof way to pick the winners, like that college student in Pittsburgh who collected a large sum of money from Esso by simply shining a bright light through the opaque coating on the cards. By October the once wide-open stations were shut down.

Getting gas was no longer the thrill it had been when every stretch of roadway was a mini-Vegas—Play! Win!

Branching out—diversifying—must have seemed the only logical answer. If an august institution like a bank can sell china, why shouldn't a gas station, informal and not particularly image-conscious to begin with, stock a few more general items? The trend is still in its infancy, but you can now buy a radio for $3.99 at Sunoco—$2.99 with lube job and filter change at some stations. Citgo has miniature antique cars for the modest price of 19 cents with purchase of three dollars' worth of gasoline. Best of all, the Atlantic Richfield Company of Philadelphia is offering Tourneau watches to a group of randomly selected credit-card holders for the unheard of low price of $29.95. Though only A-R credit-card holders are eligible for the watches, it's a rather large club, and not in the least difficult to qualify for membership.

INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES FOR THE FUTURE OF BANKING. Credit cards have been sent—unrequested—to tens of thousands of Americans who have done nothing whatever to deserve the privilege except to buy their gasoline on credit. The invitation to purchase a watch from Atlantic Richfield follows immediately. A-R is, in effect, in partnership with Tourneau, an arrangement that offers some interesting possibilities for the future of banking, oil, and the American economy in general. Is there anyone at Cartier who will cover an overdraft? Will Georg Jensen be coerced into making auto loans? How's Hammacher Schlemmer's Trust Department?

The part of this general trend toward diversification that I find most interesting, however, is the Gulf Oil Company's venture into the publishing business. For one dollar you can buy a book called *We Came in Peace* about the American moon journey—at any participating Gulf Oil station in America. Though this may be just a tiny step for Gulf, it is a giant leap for the literary community. At the present time Gulf is the only publisher advertising on television that has thirty-six thousand exclusive outlets for its book and, best of all, has just one title on its list. An informal and hasty poll has not turned up a single member of the Authors League who would not sign up with an oil company tomorrow.



HAWAII

(Continued from page 127)

ing pineapples; and Molokai, because the 50 per cent not in private hands is relatively barren and consequently has no resort facilities apart from a just-completed hotel. Remaining are Oahu and the other Neighbor Islands of Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii, listed in order of paradise progression.

Kauai has 32,310 inhabitants, no traffic lights, and is very green: Mount Waialeale, in the centre of the island, received 620 inches of rain one year. Geologically, Kauai is the oldest of the group. Because its lava has had millennia to decompose, its soil is extremely fertile and spawns strange fruits, leaves larger than a man, and flowers I have only seen in still-life. I arrived in the rain, but as I was barefoot (first lesson learned) and umbrellaed by a straw hat, I hardly noticed. I had too many eyes for the lilies crowding by the runway and the rows of sugarcane unfurling in the valley. Never in England, never on a postcard, had I seen such green. Kauai is a small island (you can drive it in a day), but there are many things to do if you discount the usual organized diversions. There is no night life to speak of here, except moon-gazing. A new language is needed as simple as Hawaiian with its twelve-letter alphabet.

THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO MOVE, BUT SLOWLY. Pineapples take eighteen to twenty-two months to grow, sugarcane up to twenty-four, and needleworkers devote as much as two months and two million stitches to one quilt.

I rented a car (the cost is minimal) and drove to the Sheraton-Kauai, one of the loveliest of the island's luxury hotels, its graceful rows of rooms curving into a limpid bay and angled to meet the sunsets. After a frugal dinner (Hawaiian food is catered American, honest but not adventurous) I changed into a swimsuit. I am told there are midnight swimmers and morning swimmers, but the dusks are so soft, the dawns so transparent that I joined both.

The island day starts early. By eight o'clock most swimmers have taken to their chosen cove. All roads lead to beaches, Hanalei and Lumahai are world classics.

Inland, red tulip trees and yellow hibiscus flame against verdant sugarcane. Higher, where the pineapple is harvested, squares of crimson earth patchwork the hills. The most frequent landmark is a little wooden church, reminiscent of New England except for its coat of unwashed green and the coco palm bearding its belfry.

Apart from the churches and hotels there are few buildings on Kauai other than occasional groups of pastel wooden storefronts, impossibly tattered and two-dimensional, with a branch of the Bank of Hawaii (hours posted: Monday and Thursday, 3:30-5:00) and Joey's Swap Shop, a superbly peeling mansion trading in bottles, from Coke to Optrex (the latter, being blue, sell for five cents more). But then Kauai is too fertile for fine architecture. Wood rots; grass houses are safer roofed in tin.

Kauai's greatest treasures are inaccessible to cars and to all but intrepid hikers. But nothing can prepare the naïve heart for the beauty of the Na Pali Coast. For $25 a person, a helicopter will zoom you in. Ask for Max Messmer because he is an ace pilot from Switzerland, where they know about mountains, and because his eyes are as blue as the bay of Honopu. He will land you on this beach, watch your wonder, and say, "I have things against Hawaii, but this is why I'm here. You can sleep there (pointing to a natural arch), bathe there (a waterfall); what else matters?"

THREE UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCES. Maui, roughly three hundred miles southeast of Kauai, is slightly larger, with almost double its population and resort facilities but half its charm. It offers more variety for a long stay and guarantees three unforgettable experiences. There is, first, the town of Lahaina, the royal capital of Kamehameha the Great. It is worth holding off for a late breakfast to sit on the porch of the Pioneer Inn, eat hot buttered pancakes, and look over to Lanai—the pineapple island. The Inn's bartender mixes the best Ramos Gin Fizz on the island. He may tell you that Jason Robards stopped for a drink and when he left his beard was three days old. At midday the busloads of tourists transform the Old Whalers' Grog Shoppe into Versailles on Sunday.

Following the coast road right around, including a bit marked "travel at your own risk and expense," I came to Hana. Green, pastoral, this is one of the last Hawaiian communities. Little has changed in a century. It is of such natural beauty (the Seven Sacred Pools spilling into each other then into the sea are breathtaking) as well as such character that it deserves a stopover at the Hana Ranch Hotel. From here it is a short drive followed by a long hike into the magnificent Haleakala Crater, a wide moon landscape of cinder cones and flowers, wild, weird, and, at sunset, unforgettable.

Known as the Big Island, Hawaii is the largest of the chain. It is also the strangest and because of its contrasts, the most beautiful. Approaching it by sea I was reminded of the engravings that accompany the journals of Captain Cook. Coco palms curve sideways against the shore, the leaning mountains look somehow wrong, clouds shroud the volcano tops. I became suddenly aware that the Pacific is a very large pond.

THE ISLAND BELONGS TO THE GODDESS OF VOLCANOES. On Kauai I had been warned not to swim on certain beaches, on Maui I saw where two sailors set off last year for a tiny island well in sight and never returned. Approaching Hawaii, I sensed for the first time that I could see the sharks and feel the currents. The island belongs to Pele, goddess of its twin volcanoes. One, the Mauna Loa, largest active volcano in the world, regularly pours lava down its sides to extend the island's surface into the sea. The other, Mauna Kea, rises over 13,700 feet and, measured from its sea base, climbs higher than Mount Everest. Each winter a few sportsmen Land Rover over lava fields, hike up the snowy cone to thirteen thousand feet to schuss down five hundred yards. They swear the skiing is good.

It was evening when I arrived at the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. Sunset threw the long white concrete structure into hard relief against the bay. I had expected grass verandahs and here was Persepolis. The architects must have felt Hawaii's underlying menace to build such a solid ship against the sea. The Mauna Kea hotel, uncompromising, impractical, unspeakably beautiful, is Laurance S. Rockefeller's investment of thirty-eight million dollars; at $55 a day a room it may take twenty years to repay the original cost. But then what are twenty years for a cathedral? Isolated in two thousand acres of arid ranchland, it is surrounded by one of Robert Trent Jones's finest golf courses. What would make sense in Newport or Deauville seems strange by a transparent ocean, but then it is easy to feel out of one's depth in this hotel.

As on the other Neighbor Islands, night counts for little here. Any drinking is done on the terraces before dinner, and guests are in bed by ten. The days are filled: wild boar and pheasant shooting in season; deep-sea fishing; sight-seeing to King Kamehameha's *heiau* built on the site of a sixteenth-century temple. There is the drive up to Kohala, crest road of the largest privately owned ranch in the United States, where horses run free between the cactus, and the *paniolos* (local cowboys) round up Hereford and Angus between small lava cones and over views that plunge down three thousand feet to the Mauna Kea and the bays beyond.

WILD GRAPEFRUIT AND WILD ORCHIDS. Crossing into the rain belt (the trade winds draw so neat a demarcation line it is like switching from black-and-white to colour film) you come to the tropical Waipio Valley which drops so sharply on either side that the only access to it is by Land Rover. Strange things grow here, wild grapefruit and wild

orchids. I gathered macadamia nuts from the valley and, as we drove, reached out the window to pick guava, limes, and the kukui nuts that are polished and worn in necklaces.

Farther to the east you come to black beaches, composed of finely powdered lava to which nature has matched black crabs. Orchids grow along the roads. At Akaka Falls the rain collects and plunges down a lichened wall in what seems slow-motion waterworks.

I reserved the volcanoes for my last day. Kiluaea had erupted unexpectedly the day before and, having no quart of gin to propitiate her as tradition demands, I choked on sulphur fumes until I learned to keep up wind. Excitement and a little fear bunched the curious into crowds. None too brave, I joined them to look down on a heaving molten heart beating liquid not to the south as the rangers had predicted but into a basin where it mysteriously disappeared, perhaps to be regathered and ejected somewhere else.

VOLCANO LAND IS CURIOUSLY UNLIKE ANYWHERE. Down wind is devastation area, eerie breasts of hardened lava, rainbow mounds of sulphur ash, spaced vents releasing steam. But up wind of the fumes, the fertile lava soil grows giant ferns and orchids, even roses. The ground is dank and there is the song of birds. I had the sensation of having walked through Inferno and emerged into an unimagined Eden.

I regained Honolulu with different eyes. The traffic mattered less. This time I saw the people, their characters as gentle as the climate.

Now, when people ask about Hawaii I tell them it is a place where they can meet a creature called the oo bird, and see a little fish named the Humuhumunukunuku-a-pua'a. Then I look down at their feet and wonder why they're wearing shoes.

THE GETTYS

(Continued from page 171)

Mrs. Getty, who can choose from a maze of rooms, six courtyards, and abounding terraces: "You can spend half an hour finding someone." The house, built around 1880 by Prince Moulay Jamine, the brother of King Hassan I of Morocco, has the architectural ruses of houses built around harems: secret entrances through armoires, iron grilles over the harem courtyard, corridors askew to keep the sight of women from men's eyes. The house gives glimpses more than vistas, and in spite of the size and soar of its rooms, suggests hidden spaces.

The Gettys have left the house its Eastern mysteries. With the help of William Willis, a friend whom Talitha Getty calls "the most exotic decorator in the world," they have emphasized, embellished, and made more brilliant the qualities that give the house its name: Palais de la Zahia (Zahia means pleasure in Berber).

In spite of the updated efficiencies of plumbing and a stereophonic sound system, the house avoids Western warp. In the Moroccan manner it has almost no furniture other than built-in banquettes and low transportable tables. The enamel vases and chandeliers are nineteenth-century Turkish, but most other materials were handmade in Morocco: woollen fabrics to cover banquettes and beds, antique rugs, and tiles, *zelliges*, from Fez, newly made in Talitha Getty's favourite colours.

This house, in fact, is a stage setting for the way the Gettys live in Marrakesh—a welcoming, fantastical, joyous life, at once sensible and sybaritic. "You can wear anything marvellous and strange here," said Talitha Getty. "Everyone looks beautiful in Marrakesh."

With a small runner boy to bargain and carry, Mrs. Getty prowls the market place, the Dj'mma El F'naa, bringing back delights for the house and for the table: The Gettys are vegetarians on a high inventive plane. Best, she brings back entertainers—dancers, acrobats, storytellers, geomancers, and magicians. A day that began with a picnic, complete with a huge onion tart, on a great flat rock near a waterfall in the Atlas Mountains may end with dinner for a houseful of young Moroccan and European friends—artists, writers, musicians, tycoons, and lilies of the field—by the light of candles ("the shadows have to be alive"), among roses wound with mint and pyramids of tuberoses. While *Salome* is playing in the background, snake charmers charm and tea boys dance, balancing on their feet trays freighted with mint tea and burning candles.

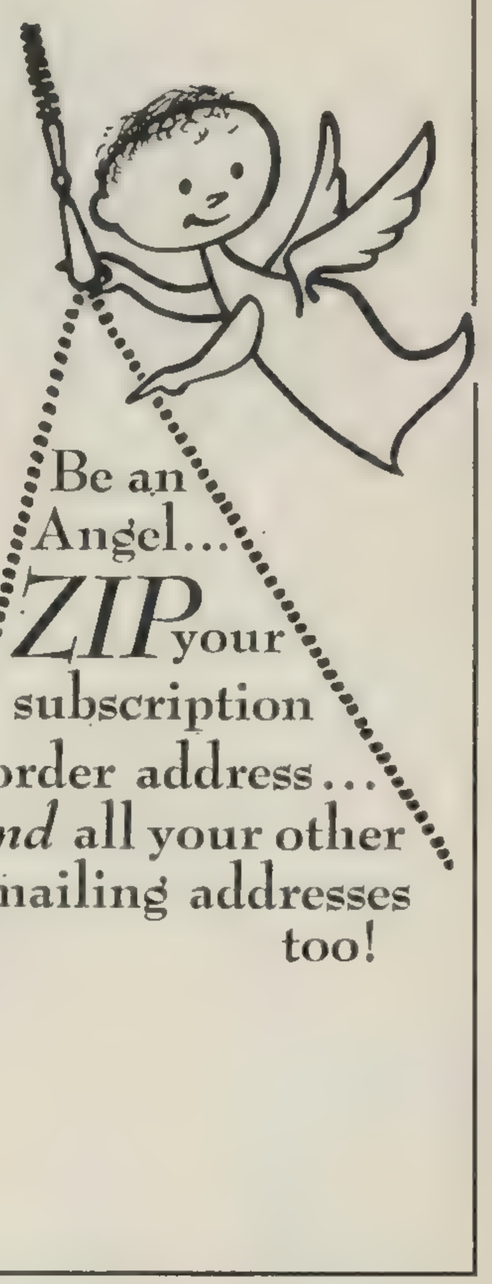
SPLITTING HEADACHES

(Continued from page 159)

ful inner feelings of anger, guilt, or inadequacy. They have a tendency to break under a big load by a peculiar form of brief hysterical behaviour: hysterical deafness, writers' cramp, complete amnesia.

"There is evidence of underlying depression often centred around ambivalent feelings of anger and dependency toward an overbearing parent or boss. Difficult father-son relationships in business are particularly common and powerful.

"During actual cluster attacks six out of ten patients pace the floor, seven out of ten shut out the family, three weep, four yell, about two bang their heads on the wall, one may go into a trance, and another become unconscious. One hugged a student nurse, one put his head in the oven, another in the refrigerator, and another in a bucket of ice water."



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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN

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BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Hawaii now—beautiful and booming

Hawaii preserves its magic, only its looks have changed. A stunning example of the bold new island constructions in concrete is the Hawaii State Capitol, designed by the distinguished architect John Carl Warnecke. In downtown Honolulu, the Capitol stands between Washington Place, the official residence of the Governors of Hawaii, an unpretentious old frame house behind a picket fence, and the Victorian Iolani Palace, the country's only royal palace. Hawaii's kings and queens lived there some seventy years ago. Appropriately, the massive Capitol has the open-air feeling of Hawaii: an open courtyard domed in sky; open corridors; and, in full view behind glass, amphitheatres of the Senate and the House in extravagant scale. In the courtyard, Marisol's black-bronze sculpture of Father Damien, the Catholic missionary who worked for the lepers of Hawaii, seems unexpectedly tender, humble, and joyous with a brilliant orange lei wrapped around his padre hat.

HONOLULU NOW

Waikiki, Hawaii's celebrated sliver of beach, bristles with hotels. Its skyline now resembles Brazil's great Copacabana Beach with its wall of skyscrapers. . . . The Sheraton Royal Hawaiian, that famous pink landmark, has a new sixteen-storey wing. Skillfully wedged into the palmy gardens of the "Royal," all new rooms—balconied, air-conditioned—overlook a new oval pool edged with sun-yellow umbrellas, a thatched sandwich bar, the peopled Waikiki Beach, surfers catching the waves, plus a hunk of sea. . . . The Hilton Hawaiian Village, which is no misnomer for the enormous compound, succeeds in adding new domino-shaped buildings without cramping those already built. The newest is the thirty-floor Hilton Rainbow Tower rising on a spit of sand.

Away from the Waikiki scene and fifteen minutes by car beyond Diamond Head, the Kahala Hilton, a serene preserve by the sea, has a new low extension. Draped in vines, its peaceful rooms curve around the lagoon where dolphins play. Verandahs open on a span of beach so quiet that it seems private. After a thorough revamping, the hotel's beauty salon has separate sauna and massage rooms for men and women.

The new Kahala Mall—covered, carpeted, air-conditioned, and hung with chandeliers—is like a lovely winter garden. Some of the big specialty shops (Carol and Mary, McInerny, Liberty House, and Andrade) have opened small well-edited branches here. A successful transplant, Hibiscus Boutique, rooted until now next to Elizabeth Arden's Salon in Waikiki, is crammed with zippy clothes priced reasonably—not over $160—in sizes four to fourteen. The point here: fun but not bizarre dresses, coats, beach things, and pants outfits that fit the Hawaiian scene as well as Southampton, Acapulco, and cities, even in winter. Also in the Mall, there are candy and liquor stores, an ice cream parlour, a Chinese restaurant, and Reuben's which runs a speedy take-out food service.

At the Diamond Head end of Waikiki, the Colony Surf Hotel with its quiet small lobby gives the impression that its guests live there permanently. Many do. The hotel's restaurant, Michel's, a favourite place of island residents, is definitely not beachcomber but elegant with polished service and the climate of good food and wine. *Note:* In all Honolulu restaurants, reservations are necessary. At the Colony Surf's new Pavillon Tower, the built-in attraction is JB's discothèque, dark as bitter chocolate.

Openings of new restaurants seem to ripple through Honolulu in an underground route. They open to a full house. . . . The young group behind the Red Vest—juicy steaks—have opened three more good restaurants in Waikiki. Specialties at the Red Noodle, pastas and salads: Mexican food at the Red Pepper; and fish, what else, at Nick's Fish Market. . . . Away from the Waikiki scene, The Cavalier, a new restaurant, that looks as if it had been there for years, crowds up with islanders. No-nonsense good food; generous Martinis, good wines.

Many shops and services such as hairdressers stay open in the evening and some on Sundays. All of that enormous bazaar, Ala Moana, keeps late hours three times a week; and its restaurants and certain shops do so every night. Stores range in size: for example, Daisy Pot, a small boutique with racks of appealing after-five dresses; a large specialty shop, Carol and Mary, easy to identify with its façade of roses and pink interior; two department stores, the block-size Liberty House with traffic-stopping displays and the junior-size McInerny which has a new Room-at-the-Top crammed with splashy things. . . . A few steps away, Waikiki's tallest tower, now going up on a V-shaped plot, is the forty-storey Ala Moana Hotel which will be ready in summer.

The Dynasty, a new restaurant in the new wing of the Ilikai Hotel, is dark, opulent, and formal. Here, islanders like to dine after cocktail parties when they are dressed-up-to-the-nines.

Cradled by wispy clouded mountains in the shiny green Makaha Valley ending at the well-known surfing beach, the Makaha Inn and Country Club is so peaceful and seemingly remote that islanders call it a Neighbor Island. (From Waikiki, Makaha is less than an hour away by car; about eight minutes by helicopter—a great way to go.) First step in a one-hundred-million-dollar development, Makaha is a compound of attractive redwood bungalows circled by the greenbelt of two championship eighteen-hole golf courses. Whiffs of smells as varied and clinging as perfumes in a shop float in the blue-sky air. Ground cover is star jasmine and splashes of pink, yellow, and orange are flowering trees.

No cars enter the compound; electric carts with drivers shuttle the guests to the restaurants and pro shop. Beneath tall redwood ceilings, air-conditioned guest rooms and suites, proportioned for long stays, have ample space for clothes and sporting gear.

On the short helicopter ride from Makaha, the drop over the hump of mountain to the polo field at Mokuleia is like a breathless moment on a roller coaster. Feathery tall ironwood trees separate the polo grounds from a superb stretch of white beach.

At the Honolulu Academy of Art, a warm and beautiful museum with a remarkable collection of Oriental art, the new excitement is the "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Lincoln Manson, Jr." painted by John Singer Sargent with exceptional sympathy. The museum's latest addition in the back garden is a tearoom run by volunteers. . . . In an old part of town, the new showcase for contemporary art and crafts—light sculptures, ceramics, batik paintings—is the Foundry, which it was once. The live attraction is craftsmen blowing glass and making pottery.

NEW ON KAUAI

A pleasant place to unwind in comfort, the new Sheraton-Kauai Hotel, stretches along the orange sands of Poipu on the southern and sunniest end of the island. Garden paths separate the rooms from the sounds in the patio—restaurants, shops, and two chattering parrots. Unprogrammed fascinations on the beach: islanders body-surfing, surf casting, squidding with spears, and throw-net fishing. For this, men with uncanny vision watch the waves standing crouched and ready to spring.

Across the road from the

Sheraton, the old house of a sugarcane plantation manager with its gardens of rare cacti is now the setting of Plantation Manor, a new, good restaurant. At night, guests dining on the wide verandahs—green tablecloths, white armchairs—look out over lighted gardens.

Riding by fields of wavy sugarcane, cab drivers can never resist telling passengers that ten tons of sugarcane make one ton of sugar and one ton of water is used to make one pound of finished sugar for the table. . . . At Koloa, a small town less than a mile from the Sheraton, Sueoka, an appealing general store with an enormous primitive mural above the frozen-food counter, stocks denim tabi boots that are good protection on coral cliffs. . . . Golf in Kukuiolono Park, five miles from Poipu Beach, is unconventional; players deposit greens and cart fees in a slot; the nine-hole course curls around gardens; the seventh hole, for instance, a Japanese garden. . . . The thrill on the new Garden Island Helicopter tour is hovering over rainbows as round as wedding rings.

NEW ON MAUI—EAST AND WEST

At Kaanapali, a spectacular sweep of beach on the sunny west coast, small planes pull up at a new, neat terminal that is only minutes away from the hotels rimming the beach. (Flying around the Hawaiian islands, visitors dress casually and arrive ready for action.) . . . At the Kaanapali airfield, many guests heading for the Maui-Hilton enjoy the surprise of walking a scant three hundred yards from plane to hotel. New at the Hilton: its fleet of screaming-blue beach buggies. . . . At the Sheraton-Maui: its recent large addition stands right on the beach. . . . The green of the championship Royal Lahaina Golf Course meets the grounds of the Royal Lahaina Hotel, a colony of comfortable bungalows studded along the seashore. . . . The new eighteen-hole Executive Course is now in the about-to-open grooming stage.

Lahaina, an old whaling seaport south of Kaanapali, has a certain St.-Tropez zing—boutiques, sidewalk cafés, sharp-coloured Jeeps, plus the earnest Lahaina Restoration Foundation which is involved in preserving landmarks. Among the Foundation's projects is the new Arbor Shops Arcade which has an excellent bookstore. . . . The new way to go between Kaanapali and Lahaina is, in fact, the old way: aboard a steam locomotive over the narrow-gauge tracks slicing through rustling sugarcane fields. Six miles further south where two enormous monkeypod trees arch across the road is Chez Paul, a simple roadhouse with unusually good food cooked by a Frenchwoman.

On the southeastern glossy greenness of Maui, a creative team of new owners has added a new punch to the deeply comfortable life at the Hotel Hana Ranch. Staffed by islanders, the ranch is gently pushing to expose its guests to Hawaiian traditions minus corn—not even one grain. Hawaiians guide riders, show visitors the Hawaiian ways of fishing—from rocks, by torchlight and with spears at night—put on rodeos, and after dinner, relaxed and plump, they dance and sing.

NEW ON HAWAII, THE BIG ISLAND

There is a new flurry at the Hilo Airport now that planes fly there directly from the mainland. . . . The Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, a sumptuous sun-trap on the west coast, looped around a superb golf course and snow-white beach, has piled up more pleasures: In a new wing, the Batik Room restaurant (less grand in scale than the main dining room) glows with Batik reds and shines with Ceylonese copper. The new place for nightcaps and dancing is the Batik bar—a hit from the first night. Extra conveniences in the new rooms and suites: great big closets. Foresighted visitors book in advance golf lessons with Jackie, a Hawaiian woman pro who diagnoses and cures quickly most golfers' problems.

Planted in black volcanic fields austere as moonscapes, the thatched-roof huts of Kona Village, a young resort on an apron of black beach, seem a place for beachcombers, but are, instead, delightfully civilized. White bamboo furniture brilliant with colour, good reading lamps, even stage-lit dressing-room mirrors. No strain, a smiling staff, the telephone rings only in the office. At the general store, the manager's wife not only sells Polynesian sarongs but also teaches the guests the many different ways of tying them.

Three terraced buildings make up the Kona Hilton facing the Kona constants: green hills hugging the harbour packed with fishing boats rocking gently. Sweetened by the smell of flowers, salted spray filters through the Hilton's open-air lobbies where people mill around bars, shops, and restaurants as they often do in *piazzas*. . . . Nudging the Hilton grounds, Hugg's, a new steak place in a shack hanging above the sea, opens only for dinner and uses harbour lights for its backdrop.

NEW ON MOLOKAI

The new Hotel Molokai, a dozen unpretentious Polynesian bungalows under rackety palms, suits this quiet island. Simple shingled rooms with good plumbing open on shaded terraces hung with wicker swings—a dead giveaway of the island's peace. Only pool swimming, but a long crusty beach, good for walking and watching sand crabs squiggle into burrows. The hotel rents Jeeps for exploring and shooting expeditions. . . . In town, three miles away from the hotel, the Midnight Inn has now a bowling alley and a combo that plays mainly Old Hawaiian. . . . Across the street, the late shift moves to Kane's, short for a very long Japanese name. People walk through a bakery, a grocery selling mainly Japanese things, and a general store to reach the saloon with a few tables and an open-air stage. . . . Under a huge banyan tree, the terrace bar at the rickety old Seaside Inn beats Hollywood's idea of beachcombing. . . . Insistent as tom-toms, the rumblings of developments are noisy all over this lovely island.

TRAVELLING TO HAWAII

Flying to Hawaii is now swift and painless. The great new way to fly from New York to Honolulu is on United Air Lines, the only airline to fly non-stop the entire five-thousand-mile sweep. Taking off from JFK at ten in the morning, passengers land in Honolulu at four in the afternoon, in time for a swim before sunset. Both at JFK and at Honolulu airports, United runs Skyport Cinemas for waiting passengers; the one in Honolulu shows two films at the same time: one on each side of a double screen. A nice arrangement for surfers travelling with surfboards are the cartons provided by United and a special compartment for them on the plane; the works for a flat $4, a startlingly low price for such service.

Now that additional airlines have been granted air routes to Hawaii, flying to Honolulu or Hilo is easy from mainland cities. Continental Airlines' network that includes Chicago and cities west of Chicago, flies nonstop from Chicago to Hilo, as well as from Seattle to Honolulu. Seats in both economy and coach class are comfortably wide: instead of six, only five across. . . . Northwest Orient varies its new nonstop flights from Chicago; some fly straight through to Hilo, and then on to Honolulu; others, directly to Honolulu. Starting point for both is JFK. . . . Braniff International flies the southern swag to Hawaii. Its fleet of jets takes off two and three times a day from Dallas, Houston, Atlanta, New Orleans, and Miami. . . . Western Air Lines' newest surprise is as hot and cold as a Baked Alaska: Passengers flying from or to Anchorage from California and Texas travel nonstop to Hawaii at no extra charge. The Hawaii bonus, with variations, works for people taking off from Northwest coast cities that are, logically, on Northwest's route. . . . TWA, an important new world traveller over the Pacific, flies every evening at nine from Los Angeles to Honolulu on its flights to the Orient. . . . Pan American World Airways, the first airline to fly the new 747's, will be first to land the big ones in Honolulu. When? This year, about when the swallows come back to Capistrano.

(Continued from page 118)

rubbed, scrubbed, slimmed, trimmed, and deodorized out of existence, leaving no traces. There are certainly no clues remaining in our clothes, which can be purified with detergents like Dash, which not only gets out easily removable "outside dirt," but tough "ground-in body dirt" as well.

Body dirt! Under the influence of the staggering number of soap commercials on television, we were so busy using detergents, pre-soaks, bleaches, and enzyme-active stain removers to get out soil, grease, paint, blood, grass stains, food stains, and goodness knows what else, that we might have forgotten all about body dirt, if Dash hadn't come along with its anti-body dirt ingredient. (And if your husband cleans a lot of fish, you might like to know that, according to another commercial, a fisherman's wife washed his apron in Procter and Gamble's Gain and lo! the "set-in, dried-in blood stains were virtually gone, gone!" Which is the next best thing to bloodless fish.)

"TO KEEP OUR DARK, PHYSICAL SECRETS." Of course, if we would only be provident enough to use a good anti-perspirant in the first place, we wouldn't have to worry so much about something like body dirt. There are certainly enough preventive products to choose from. Like Dial Soap "with AT7" (it always helps to throw in some scientific-sounding ingredient like AT7). Or "ice-blue Secret." The name itself promises to keep our dark, physical secrets.

The amount of television time taken up by commercials for products that clean, deodorize, disguise, and sometimes almost threaten to dissolve our bodies and whatever touches them seems to indicate that there is something about bodies that makes us nervous. True descendants of our Puritan forebears, we spend an impressive amount of time and energy—and pass a lot of money over the counter—trying to deny the animal in us. It scares us. And the American mind, both fashioner and product of the consumer society par excellence, has developed the notion that our fears and insecurities, like everything else, can be bought off. After all, as long as we have them, we might as well make a profit.

Scared of sex? Buy Ambush and turn it into a game. Do you worry about being drab, uninteresting? Afraid that beneath your surface there's just more surface? Terrified that your body odour will make you a wallflower at the PTA or get you read out of the Rotary?

AFRAID OF BEING REJECTED by the opposite sex? Write to good ole Fran, paradigm of advice-to-the-wretched columnists. Sympathetic, motherly, solid. Fran knows best and Fran will tell you to buy Lavoris. Or, if you're a go-go type who hasn't the time to stop and gargle, chew Dentyne and, like the girl in the commercial, have "the freshest mouth in town." And, so the implication goes, like the girl in the commercial, look smashing in a bikini and get kissed by the dreamiest guy on the beach. So what if you have a mouth full of gum?

We seem to have convinced ourselves that there's no end to the relief that can be bought. Even political relief. When the kids complain about the System trying to co-opt the revolution, they know what they're talking about. When it became clear that youth was in revolt, that the black ghettos were organizing their own resistance, retaliation came with the Dodge Rebellion. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. Join the Dodge Rebellion. Buy a Dodge. Feel like Che Guevara just driving to the country club.

Feel stranded on the far side of the generation gap? Relax. Buy a beer. A Ballantine. According to the commercial, the three-ring sign is "a happy sign" because "both the generations go for Ballantine." And to prove it, a neatly dressed young man, with hair just long enough to qualify as an under-thirty growth but not long enough to make anyone really nervous, is shown clinking glasses with someone definitely over thirty.

The ad men are even trying to buy off the women's liberation by selling the resurgent female militants a cigarette: Virginia Slims. "You've come a long way, baby," says the commercial, as it traces the emancipation of the woman smoker who starts out sneaking a puff in the basement and ends up in a smashingly sexy mod outfit, dangling a cigarette designed just for her.

The cigarette commercials in general have been rather subtle in their way. They seem to be selling fantasies. Smoke a Marlboro and be what you always wanted to be when you grew up—a cowboy. Or smoke a Salem and feel like you're in the country even when you're in the city. Smoke a Winston and find contentment by yourself in some secluded spot.

IN SELLING FANTASIES, THEY, TOO, ARE BUYING OFF A FEAR. Fear of contaminated lungs. Of cancer. Of heart disease. For, you notice, almost all these fantasies take place in the great outdoors where the air is fresh and clean. Smoking, they seem to be saying—turning the threat into an asset—is good for you, as well as a way to find fun, romance, and *machismo*.

But two can play at the commercial game; and, ironically, some of the cleverest and most effective television advertisements now running are the anti-smoking commercials. And when it comes to working on a fear, they have the most obvious target. So until the cigarette commercials are finally off the air, the anti-commercials may provide a reasonably potent antidote.

There will always be other commercials to fill the breach. We start them young, after all. Probably the loudest, shrillest, densest concentration of commercials is to be found on children's programs, which hustle whole families of dolls and wardrobes of clothes to buy for them. There are miniature race tracks and garages and dozens of miniature cars to fill them with. There are miniature appliances, miniature pots, pans, dishes, plastic food to cook, dolls that crawl, walk, dance, clap, drink, grow teeth. Anything to make a little girl feel that the doll she has is passé and simply has to be replaced.

But with all this emphasis on spending money to buy a sense of security, one of the things we seem most insecure about is spending money. For one thing, we're afraid we'll be taken advantage of. Like the poor schnook in the Volvo commercial who can't even trade in his old car at the place where he bought it. After some quick calculations, the very salesman who sold him the car tells him its trade-in value is zero. Now he tells him. Taken again. (The point is, of course, that this doesn't happen with Volvos. They last.)

The fear of being conned, however, is secondary. The soothing commercials that comfort us with the assurance that we'll find a friend at Chase Manhattan or Irving at Irving Trust suggest that what we are really terrified about is that one day we may run out of money. And then how could we buy, buy, buy our anxieties away?

With worries like that, no wonder we get Excedrin headaches.

ONE PLACE

A poem by Lawrence Durrell

Commission silence for a line or two,

These walls, these trees—time out of mind

Are temples to perfection lightly spent,

Sun-bribed and apt in shadowy stresses,

Something the mind caresses;

And then hardly noticed at noon

Bells bowling, the systrum bonged

From steeples half asleep in bugle water.

(This part to be whispered only.)

To go or stay is really not the question;

Nor even to go forever, one can't allow here

Death as a page its full relapse.

In this place it would always be perhaps,

Dying with no strings attached—

who could do that?

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For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call 689-5900

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Camps, Summer Schools, Trips

The directors of summer programs listed on this page will be glad to send you their literature, but if you need further help, fill in the coupon and return to: Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017.

Trip or Camp (what activities?) _____

Summer School (what subjects?) _____

_____

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Daughter _____ Son _____ Age now _____

Location preferred _____ Approximate fee _____

1-15-70

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San Antonio, Tex.	Joske's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z C M I
Seattle, Wash.	Nordstrom Best
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent

Also available at other fine stores.
See page 88

SUPPORT



UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

And then there were four—more

The life-span of some beauty do-gooders can be very short. Others diversify, zoom in closer on the peccadillos of varying skin types, pick up momentum. Shining example: Yatrolin cream, a trailblazing Swiss formula that's been a passion of many women for many years. Now the maker, Marian Bialac, has added four "specialists," each with Yatrolin's famous thirty oils that leave no trace other than gentle velvet: Special Concentrate Cream for oily skins, Special Concentrate Emulsion for normal on the dry side, Maximum Moisture to moisturize any skin pre-makeup. No. 4 is Yatrolin L'Quide for extra-dry and sensitive—the original Yatrolin cream in liquid form. That cream's still going strong, too. . . . All Yatroliners happy now?

New faces

Along about now, a sort of *demi-saison* doldrum moves in like a fog, causing keen dissatisfaction with what seems to be a peaky look to the skin, a lack of lustre in the eye. Toujours mindful, Coty has been lying cunningly in wait with three go-y, glowy new Coty Originals, all ready to put bloom and allure on the mopiest of mid-winter faces: Complete Compact Make-up is a cream base-and-powder combo in pressed form . . . pressed, in fact, into a sliver-thin compact with maxi-mirror. Bare Blusher is a lush-brush blusher in four pretty shades, each of which becomes quite breathtaking with the over-sheen of contour-and-highlight, White Sparkle. The eye-keyed thriller is Iced Shadow Powder in ten touching tints, all luxuriously moisture-laden and done up in agreeable mock-tortoise compacts. . . .

How to Orient your face—instantly

Oriental wisdom on the care and decoration of your skin just might now come to your doorstep. Might come in the personable person of a Pola consultant, who is usually Japanese and charming, as are the beautyworks she brings with her, the products of over twenty years of research in the Mysterious East. . . . Of some two hundred beauty solutions, the latest Pola ploy and joy is called Excel—and that it does. Excel Aqua Clean foams a face luminously clean. Binohl lotion addresses itself to toning dry skin; Binohl-F does same for oily. Excel Belfoam's a foam-on facial mask to speed a skin's metabolism. . . . Your particular arrangement of dry-here, oily-there phases Pola not at all. To decode Far Eastern beauty secrets, phone or write Pola, 3161 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005. . . .

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 156-157; other views, yardages, details)



7577

Above: Bare-midriff top and pants in jersey. Vogue Pattern 7577. Sizes 6-14. Pattern includes buttoned skirt; we added the length of fabric. Size 10 top: 1½ yds. of 45″ fabric with or without nap. Size 10 pants: 2½ yds. of 45″ fabric with or without nap. $2. Canada, $2.20.



7630

Above: Long languorous jersey dress. Vogue Pattern 7630. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 dress: 6⅞ yards of 40″ fabric with or without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

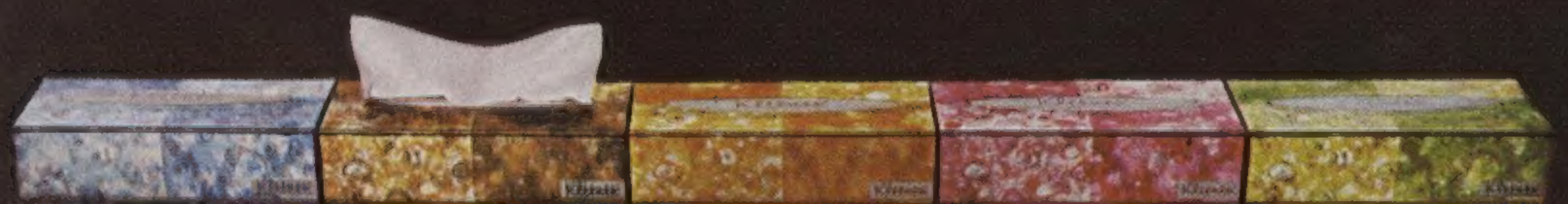
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